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five years in a row. And their innovative thinking made Windstar just about

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4:46 a.m. Wide awake. AAAAAARGH.

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Nadya Labi/New York City

I See a Policeman In Your Future ...

In a metropolis of psychics, the question is, How can fortunetelling be illegal?

I HAVE MET DESTINY, AND she's a woman.

She lives in a fourth-floor studio apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Destiny is her spiritual name. She was born Linda—Linda from Long Island—and for 75 bucks, she'll sell me the future.

Her résumé is impressive. "I knew when all the pets were going to die six weeks in advance," she recalls of her youth.

She pauses and adds, "I just know stuff."

She must know then that 24 hours earlier, I was getting the lowdown on her profession from

two of New York's Finest. Over a late lunch at the Tick Tock Diner, Detective Ralph Aiello briefed me about his undercover work for Operation Crystal Ball, a crackdown on exploitative fortunetellers. "They're like vultures on the African plain," says Aiello. His boss, Lieutenant Robert Groth, in a sleek blue suit and crisp haircut, puts it simply: "They're professional con artists."

On Groth's watch, nearly a dozen psychics have been arrested on charges ranging from fortunetelling, a selectively enforced misdemeanor punishable by up to 90 days in jail, to grand larceny, a felony. One clairvoyant allegedly convinced

a client that rubbing her body with raw eggs and bathing in special potions would lift a curse. The cost of that exorcism? About \$500,000. A similarly inventive psychic encouraged an undercover cop to buy 90 candles, at \$55 each, to fend off evil spirits.

So just how do you spot a shady soothsayer? Pump her for lottery numbers and see if she gets them right? Not quite. According to the New York State penal code, a person is guilty of fortunetelling if he or she purports to be "able, by claimed or pretended use of occult powers, to answer questions or give advice on personal matters or to exorcise, influence or affect evil spirits or curses." Now, that would seem to apply to the horoscope in the back pages of, say, the *New York Daily News*. There is, however, an exception. Fortunetelling is legal if it's for entertainment. Confused by the distinction, I decide to consult some experts in the field.

Miss Leena, my first psychic, ushers me into a tiny parlor plastered with paintings of angels and cherubs. Her expression is brooding, her dark hair upswept, as she ponders my fate as revealed in a \$40 reading of the tarot cards. My prognosis is good: successful writing career, marriage, long life. But, pointing to a card of a bushy-haired man waving sticks, she adds grimly, "There's something in the way of your good fortune." She offers to meditate further with crystals and candles.

Sure, why not? Then she puts a price on her prayer—\$190. And I just paid the rent. Miss Leena is angered by my stinginess. "I see God on one side of you and negativity on the other." Negativity wins out.

Stephanie and I get off to a more promising start. She spends several minutes effusing about my good character. She looks barely out of her teens, but she's more sensitive than Miss Leena. "You're a writer?" she inquires nervously, adding, "I have a spiritual gift. If someone writes about it ... well, it just doesn't help." I excuse myself. After a few more disappointing forays into the paranormal, I find Destiny.

She takes my hand with calm assurance and begins feeling for vibrations. The bottom section of my left palm yields results. "O.K., more hydration, more vitamin C," she reports. After a while, I press for a stock-market tip. She directs me to smartmoney.com.

Next she cleanses my aura. She circles around me, making shooping motions with her hands. "I'm kind of pulling stuff off your aura," she explains. "I feel tingles. Do you feel it?"

Not really, but this is definitely funkier than a facial.

"It's totally legit," she assures me.

I'm convinced. But will Lieutenant Groth be?

FORTUNE'S FOLLY
The city offers a wide selection of paranormal advice



constitutional freedom shouldn't be used as a political weapon to divide and label people.

The Second Amendment is very clear that

All Americans have the right to bear arms for whatever lawful purpose they

choose. I grew up with a healthy

respect for guns as a way of life — as

American as mom, football and apple

pie. So the more we can embrace and

educate people about responsible firearm

ownership, the better. That's why I support

the NRA. **I'm The NRA.**



J.C. Watts, Jr.

J.C. Watts, Jr.
Congressman, U.S. House of Representatives



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Did You Know — "Intense nationwide demand for youth firearms education and safety training is why the NRA works with groups like the Boy Scouts, American Legion, 4-H and FFA to develop shooting programs that reach more than one million young people annually."

Wayne LaPierre



Wayne LaPierre, NRA Executive Vice President

CONTRIBUTORS



DEBORAH TANNEN

DEBORAH TANNEN, who gained a national following with her book *You Just Don't Understand: Women and Men in Conversation*, this week examines the cultural fallout from the trial of the President. "What's happened to President Clinton is just an extreme example of forces in our society that have been troubling me anyway," says Tannen. "An adversarial culture has sprouted up, and the trial was the apex of that."



ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR., twice a Pulitzer prizewinner, could be called the nation's presidential historian. He also served as a special assistant to John F. Kennedy. This week he assesses Bill Clinton's potential legacy. "No one approves of his behavior," Schlesinger says, "but I think there is a difference between private misconduct and public misconduct, and the American electorate deserves great respect for its capacity to distinguish between the two."



NICHOLE CHRISTIAN

NICHOLE CHRISTIAN last month returned to her native Michigan to become TIME's Detroit bureau chief, leaving Manhattan, and the New York Times, behind. "It's an interesting time to be back here," she reports. "There actually seems to be momentum rather than just talk about rejuvenating the city." One of the companies contributing to that motion is Pro Air, an upstart airline that Christian profiles in this issue.



KARL TARO GREENFELD

KARL TARO GREENFELD, one of our New York-based business writers, this week reports on the threat that computer-savvy college students are posing to the record industry. "Many people, but primarily students, have found a way to download free songs off the Internet, even though it's illegal," says Greenfeld. "The industry has not yet found an effective way to prevent it." Unless it does soon, a generation of kids will get out of the habit of buying CDs.

SNAPSHOTS

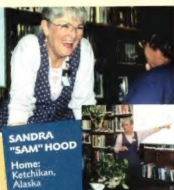


FIGHTING MIRE WITH FIRE Spectacular flames rose from the freighter *New Carissa* after the U.S. Navy detonated explosives and napalm-spiked gasoline in its hull. The ship had run aground off the Oregon coast and storm-whipped waves had torn into it, threatening an environmental disaster if all 400,000 gallons of oil within leaked. The daring "controlled burn" was intended to consume 90% of the fuel in 24 hours. The maneuver seemed to work: the burning boat broke in two the next day, but only a fraction of the oil contaminated the beaches.



Sandra Hood Counsels Others To Improve Their Lives...

...before that, she was a Peace Corps Volunteer.



SANDRA "SAM" HOOD

Home:
Ketchikan,
Alaska

Occupation:
Substance Abuse Counselor

Peace Corps Service:
Thailand, 1991-1992
I helped develop profitable
silk worm farming, taught
traditional weaving to increase
families' income, and intro-
duced health education to
combat infectious diseases.

While in the Peace Corps, Sandra "Sam" Hood helped villagers in Thailand improve their lives through agriculture and better health practices. Today, thanks to her Peace Corps service, Sam is also making a difference at home. She is a successful substance abuse counselor working with "at-risk" groups in Alaska.

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LETTERS



How He Does It

"Clinton survives by lying—consistently, shamelessly and pathologically. Any other explanation is rationalization."

PATRICK J. CLEARY
Springfield, Va.

HOW BILL CLINTON DOES IT IS BY UTILIZING the principle that has successfully guided his life so far: putting himself first (NATION, Feb. 1). How ironic that the same guideline that led the President into lies and adultery will now, with the help of a too tolerant America, save him.

DAVID VAN HOOSER
Nashville, Tenn.

THOUGH THE EFFORT TO OUST CLINTON will prove highly damaging to Republicans, it may turn out in the long run to be of great historical benefit. Just as experience has taught us to try to avoid "another Vietnam," this episode will teach future Congresses to seek to avoid impeachments that lack popular support, are contrary to the national interest and are unwinable.

ROBERT H. WOLFE
North Woodmere, N.Y.

I AM UNABLE TO FEEL PRIDE IN HAVING Clinton as our President. After everything is over and done with, he will become a shadow leader, continuing to promote only himself.

MARJORIE VAN DEUSEN
Traverse City, Mich.

DURING THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS, the congressional Republicans have shot themselves in the foot so many times that there is only a bloody stump left. And they represent the best the Republican Party has to offer!

FRANK APIA
Piscataway, N.J.

I AM SICK OF SEEING PRESIDENT CLINTON on the cover of TIME. Isn't there anyone else more deserving?

JANET STEPHENS
Ottawa

AS ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN WROTE, "The letter of the law is too cold and formal to have a beneficial influence on society. Whenever the tissue of life is

woven of legalistic relations, there is an atmosphere of moral mediocrity, paralyzing man's noblest impulses." I submit that our Congress needs to reach higher to have a beneficial influence on our society and that it has so far been paralyzed by ignoble impulses.

COREY BRUNISH
Lake Oswego, Ore.

HOW DOES HE DO IT? HE LIES. HE LIED to his family, and he lied to his friends. He lied to his Cabinet, and he lied to Congress. And he lied to me. Then he lied about his lying. How does Clinton do it? Very well.

JIM MORROW
Phoenix, Ariz.

THE SAME QUESTION, HOW DOES HE DO it?, can be asked about Saddam Hussein.

F. RANDALL HARRIS
Oshkosh, Wis.

THE ANSWER TO HOW CLINTON DOES IT is evolution. He is a politician who studied America's brand of "political Darwinism" and acclimated himself to the form-over-substance environment of our process. Unfortunately, this is not a criticism of Clinton so much as an indictment of the pathetic U.S. electorate. Character and veracity are "issues" only if the voters make them so. We have chosen to ignore them, and Clinton is the by-product of that decision.

CHRIS RENALDO
Atlanta

THE MONEY SPENT SO FAR ON INVESTIGATING Clinton and on his impeachment trial could have been used to feed countless hungry people as well as build schools, roads and hospitals in some of the poorest countries of the world. For the U.S. to waste so much money on a useless exercise only emphasizes the gap between rich and poor nations.

LOREDANA LAWSON
Zanzibar, Tanzania

QUESTION:
In the dark about people
who are deaf-blind?

People who can't see or hear can do more than you think. Sandra was deaf as a young child, then started losing her vision at 21. But through rehabilitation training, she learned skills for regaining her independence.

Today, Sandra is a hopeful newlywed preparing for a job as a medical transcriber. She lives on a university campus where her husband Scott, who is also deaf-blind, majors in computer science and creative writing.

Maybe you know someone like Sandra or Scott? To learn more about your neighbors, co-workers, or classmates who may be deaf-blind, call 1-800-255-0411 x275.

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Challenges for the G.O.P.

ACCORDING TO YOUR COLUMNIST JACK E. White, the President's impeachment trial was about racism and bigotry [DIVIDING LINE, Feb. 1]. Silly me. I thought it was about whether or not the President perjured himself and obstructed justice. What was I thinking? Please, can we get past all the efforts to cloud the issue and instead focus on the facts? Don't try to change the subject.

RICK DUDLEY
Vista, Calif.

WHITE'S WILD ASSERTIONS ABOUT THE Republican record on civil rights compel a response. His hate-filled diatribe ignores the fact that it was Republicans, led by Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois, who broke the Democrat filibuster delaying the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and that without Republican votes, neither it nor the Voting Rights

Act of 1965 would have become law. White's naked partisanship also ignores the 4 million Americans who have been given a fresh start, liberated from lives of dependency on welfare by Republican reforms in social programs. What ought to trouble us all is the increasingly divisive and shrill rhetoric of today's Democratic Party candidates. Last year in Missouri, they ran ads suggesting that G.O.P. victories would lead to church bombings and cross burnings; in Maryland, they grossly distorted the civil rights record of our candidate for Governor. Meanspirited racial appeals have no place in politics, nor in your magazine.

JIM NICHOLSON, CHAIRMAN
Republican National Committee
Washington

A HUGE THANK-YOU TO WHITE FOR HIS excellent article on White House deputy counsel Cheryl Mills' holding a mirror to the G.O.P. record on civil rights in her defense of Clinton. I heard House Republican Bob Barr on a talk show claiming he doesn't hate the President. Poppycock! Of course he hates Clinton. The horrendous hypocrisy of this entire matter was exactly as White stated. Why should lying about sex be worse than lying about something far worse—racial bigotry?

SCOTT GADDEN
North Myrtle Beach, S.C.

IT IS IRONIC THAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, also known as the G.O.P. (Grumpy Old Puritans), is the chief victim of its own sanctimonious moralizing.

MICHAEL GORDEUK
Westfield, N.J.

THE ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE WING OF THE Republican Party seems lost. These old gray men are so convinced they're doing the right thing and so obsessed with the idea of trying to let the American people see how evil their President is that they've lost touch with reality. If they can't put their anger aside and forgive Clinton, this impeachment process will eventually result in their own end.

FRANS VAN RUMPT
Santpoort, the Netherlands

Working for the Teamsters

YOUR ITEM ON THE TEAMSTERS UNION and Democratic Party campaign finance [NOTEBOOK, Dec. 21] had several inaccurate references to my employment by the union. The source and amount of the fees paid to me for my work during the 1992 presidential campaign is a matter of public record. By the beginning of 1993, my fees for work during the 1992 cam-

WEASEL WORDS



Several readers were put off by Nancy Gibbs' opening sentence in the story "The Last Campaign" [NATION, Feb. 1]: "Like a weasel, Bill Clinton emerges from the drainpipe shinier than when he went in." Many agreed with V. Jaime Hamlin of Vineyard Haven, Mass., who wrote, "You have gone too far in calling the President a weasel." And Dick Babb of Auburn, Maine, commented, "This kind of writing seems aimed more at expressing personal, metaphorical artistry than objective reporting." But others, rather than taking umbrage at the description of Clinton, felt we had slighted a perfectly fine creature, while making an apt comparison. "Those who appreciate animal behavior know the weasel to be an intelligent, graceful, energetic mammal that adapts well to its environment," Gregory Zeigler of Moose, Wyo., pointed out. "And the weasel can be incredibly tenacious when fighting for its life. It is also very effective at eliminating pesky rodents."

paig had been paid in their entirety by the campaign. I did not do any work for the Teamsters in 1993.

It was not until the spring of 1994 that I undertook a Teamsters inquiry, which ended in the spring of 1995 (and resulted in the recovery of \$13 million). In my investigations I was not concerned with anything other than corruption in the Teamsters Union, and all fees paid to me by the Teamsters were for work done for, and only for, the Teamsters.

JACK PALLADINO

*Palladino & Sutherland Investigations
San Francisco*

Criminal Sentences

AS REPORTED IN YOUR STORY "A GET-Tough Policy That Failed" [Law, Feb. 1], mandatory minimum sentences are a travesty of justice. Not only do they not prevent criminal activity, but they are

AN ANTICHRIST LIKE ...

O.K., we knew that Jerry Falwell's remark that the Antichrist was a living Jewish male and Joel Stein's response that he, Stein, might be the Antichrist [NOTEBOOK, Feb. 1] would set off our readers. Most who wrote disagreed with Falwell's notion, but just as many didn't see Stein as the Antichrist either. "Nobody in Christendom knows who the Antichrist is," wrote Robert Howell of Greenville, S.C. "Even more ridiculous than Falwell's statement was Stein's response that it might be him." But Stein had his backers, including author Phillip DePoy of St. Simons Island, Ga. Even if Stein isn't the Antichrist, wrote DePoy, he "is the funniest writer ever published in TIME." Kenneth S. McDaniel of Albuquerque, N.M., voted against Stein's Antichrist status and offered his own criteria: "The Antichrist should be a Christian, to fit in. He should be talented, charming, glib and popular with women, the largest churchgoing group. He would work tirelessly to convince us the Ten Commandments, especially lying and adultery, are outmoded. A blond, blue-eyed Baptist would be perfect."



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also very costly to our society. It is senseless to have these people locked up instead of being able to work and pay taxes. Talk about living in a police state!

ERIC HANDEL
Easthampton, Mass.

READING ABOUT THE FAILURE OF mandatory-sentencing laws made my heart skip a beat. I realized that the sad situation described so vividly would soon affect my family. My son Eric, who turned 20 just a few weeks ago, is looking at a sentence of six to nine years in prison. Eric, like many other young people, fell prey to adult drug runners, who continue to walk freely the streets of America's small towns. Eric had no criminal record. This is a terrible injustice.

EDNA BUNTAIN
Paris, Ill.

New Guys on the Block

YOUR ARTICLE ON ENTREPRENEUR LOUIS J. Pearlman and his recording studio-boot camp for developing boy bands was very one-sided [MUSIC, Feb. 1]. It was obvious that the guys who wrote it don't like young male pop groups. The article made it sound as if their fans are all under 15 and the groups would be around just a short time because they aren't really that good. I don't know about the other singers, but the Backstreet Boys have lasted for almost seven years, and they're doing better than ever. They have fans of all ages, not just little kids.

SHANNON KARNER, AGE 15
Summerland, B.C.

NOW READ THIS

Some readers doubt that we actually find the time to read their letters.

The volume of mail we get is heavy—we appreciate that—but we want to assure you that we read everything we get.

According to an item you published, TIME received 80,500 letters, e-mails and faxes in 1998

[LETTERS, Jan. 25]. That is almost 1,600 per week. Assuming you print a generous 16* each issue, all other things being equal, that leaves me with a 1 in 100 chance of my letter being selected for publication. I guess that is the reason no one is reading this.

Elliott Sperber
Harwich, Mass.

*In fact we publish an average of 25 letters a week.

AS I WRITE THIS LETTER, I'M LISTENING to Mozart and eating carrot sticks, and I'm only 13. You portray girls like me as screaming 'N Sync addicts who have bubble gum plastered to their teeth. I'm sick of it. The majority of girls I know care more about their grades and getting into college than they do about a bunch of guys who can't carry a tune.

RACHEL OSTROW, AGE 13
Pound Ridge, N.Y.

MUSICIANS ARE NO LONGER ORIGINAL, talented and spontaneous. Instead, they are ungifted "mimbos" [male bimbos] who must go to specialized camps to learn choreography and teen seduction in their quest for fame and wealth.

ROBERT LUHRS VIEGAS
Recife, Brazil

Don't Underestimate China

YOU REPORTED ON CHINA'S PROGRAM TO buy new weapons and strengthen its military [WORLD, Feb. 1]. Today's Chinese race for arms could very well be tomorrow's American race for survival. Americans are financing the military buildup in China every time we buy an item made there. Several hundred made-

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in-China coffeemakers could equal one AK-47. We must never underestimate the Chinese just because their military equipment may be crude. The Viet Cong's weapons were crude, and look at what happened in Vietnam.

JAMES A. CARROLL
Green Creek, N.J.

Seeds That Can't Reproduce

I READ WITH HORROR YOUR ARTICLE about the terminator gene the Monsanto Corp. is developing to remove the ability of a plant's seeds to reproduce [ENVIRONMENT, Feb. 1]. Your statement that no "serious scientist" thinks dire forecasts of accidental widespread sterilization of natural flora will come to pass brings to mind many other past assertions. Weren't we told that DDT was a safe pesticide and that pouring tons of waste into our waters was a safe form of disposal? The only thing a "serious" scientist should be thinking today is that we really know very little about the long-term effects of our technology.

STEVE GORDON
Holland Landing, Ont.

MONSANTO'S ATTEMPT TO SAFEGUARD ITS investment in genetically engineered seeds by making sure they can't reproduce seems understandable and justified. It is intended to provide the company with protection similar to that available to developers of hybrids; in most instances, only the first progeny of a hybrid is a marketable crop, and subsequent seed crops do not carry the parents' useful characteristics. Monsanto's effort to protect what is rightfully the company's may help to stimulate further plant research, to the betterment of agriculture and horticulture.

TIB SZEGO
Lindsay, Ont.

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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“The President’s conduct is boorish, undefensible, even reprehensible. It does not threaten the Republic.”

RICHARD BRYAN,
Democratic Senator
from Nevada

“After stripping away the underbrush of legal technicalities and nuance, I find that the President abused his sacred power by lying and obstructing justice.”

CHUCK HAGEL,
Republican Senator
from Nebraska

“It’s essential, for impeachment to prevail, to have bipartisan support. We never had it.”

HENRY HYDE,
lead House prosecutor,
stating the obvious

“Go home; it’s over; get a life.”

BOB BENNETT,
Clinton’s lawyer, to
reporters waiting for him at
the base of an escalator on the
way to the Senate subways



IF IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, DUCK! The History Channel may want to televise the Oscars this year, with two Elizabethan and three World War II films vying for Best Picture. Will Oscar smile on gowns or guns?

WINNERS & LOSERS



TRENT LOTT
Neat freak keeps impeachment trial tidy; thanks for those closed-door sessions!

ASA HUTCHINSON
If the other 12 House prosecutors were half this good, they might have convicted

BILL CLINTON
No majority for conviction on either count beats the spread. Will polls now plunge?

HENRY HYDE
Patriotic clichés are still clichés: trial turned G.O.P.’s elder statesman into an angry, bitter man

JAMES ROGAN
Politically vulnerable manager bragged about being ex-judge. What about ex-Congressman?

KENNETH STARR
Does aiding in the death of the independent-counsel law count as a win?



Illustrations: Bryan Magel Hyde/AP; Bennett: Time

ART: JAMES HANCOCK

ACADEMIA

1968 Revisited: Students Drive Amuck

IN *ANIMAL HOUSE*, THE FRAT BOYS TAKE revenge on a dean by ramming him with their "Deathmobile." A suspiciously similar jalopy turned up on campus last week after **DARTMOUTH COLLEGE** president James Wright announced his intention to tame the fraternities that inspired the film.

The car, a Mazda 929 covered with painted plywood, hovered around campus during Winter Carnival, where Wright made an appearance. But instead of ramming anyone, the students took an off-



campus joyride. Officer Graham Baynes, who pulled them over, was obviously a toga-party fan. "The car violated New Hampshire law," says Baynes. "I told them the modifications they needed to make." Such is the state of student revolt these days, the pranksters popped out of the sunroof and meekly attached red bandannas to the vehicle's fins. —By David Spitz

ROYAL RELATIONS

Meet Jordan's Harley-Riding Queen-to-Be

HER HUSBAND MAY BE KING, BUT JORDAN'S **PRINCESS RANIA**, 28, won't be playing the Queen for a while yet. She has to wait until the end of the official mourning period for **ABDULLAH** to name her Queen. Still, it's likely that Rania, a strikingly beautiful Palestinian, will capture the nation's hearts. Intelligent and family-oriented, Rania took child-psychology courses in school and was an honors student in business administration at the American University in Cairo. She had two children in their first three years of marriage but is hardly a submissive wife. She likes to hang out at Anman's first Internet café and take spins with Abdullah on his Harley-Davidson. Throw in Rania's support for Jordanian



Princess Rania

second wife and Abdullah's mom, saw the political worth of a Palestinian princess in a country two-thirds Palestinian. **QUEEN NOOR**, who won hearts for consoling royals and ordinary citizens, is also close to Rania, which is just as well. They will share the title of queen. —By Scott MacLeod/Amman, with reporting by Amany Radwan/Cairo

MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

It's General Motors on Line One, Mr. Redford

THINK HOLLYWOOD IS TOO CORPORATE these days? It's just getting started. Last week publicity powerhouse PMK (which handles names like **CRUISE**, **PFEIFFER**, **HARRIS** and **DAMON**) finally consented to marry McCann-Erickson (clients include GM, MasterCard and Coca-Cola). The



Tom Hanks

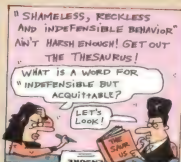
New York ad giant was not so much interested in PMK's tidy profit margin—"We're just chump change to them," says **LESLEE DART**, one of PMK's three partners—as in its vast warehouse of stars. "Celebrity icons are brands," says **JOHN DOONER**, McCann-Erickson's CEO, "and there may be opportunities to work with like-minded brands in the corporate world." Such work will probably be more subtle than, say, **SEAN PENN** doing a Coke commercial. "We're not in the advertising business; we're in the publicity business."



Tom Cruise

notes PMK partner **PAT KINGSLEY** (the third PMK pooh-bah: **LOIS SMITH**). But by schmoozing with its new friends in the entertainment biz, says Dart, McCann-Erickson will be able to "tip off its clients to trends that are emerging"—in effect, a savvy little spy network at the heart of our cultural Zeitgeist. Synergy, baby, synergy. —By Chris Taylor

THE DRAWING BOARD



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JOEL STEIN

Stick of Joe

AS A NON-COFFEE DRINKER, I OFTEN FEEL SHUNNED, especially at social events like "coffee breaks," "going out for coffee" or "drinking coffee." So when the government decided to spend \$250,000 on caffeinated-gum research, I was thrilled. Instead of money wasted on defense (Hello? We haven't been invaded since 1812) or that unfinished FICA project I keep reading about on my pay stub, this would help someone with a real problem. Soon I too could awake groggy and cranky, pull out a couple of sticks of gum, read the paper and then deal with the wife and kids. As I saw it, caffeinated gum research could get me a wife and kids.

The only politician brave enough to advocate spending federal dollars for caffeinated-gum research is Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert, who pushed for a measly \$250,000 in this year's budget. (To give you an idea of how little money that is, if you had a stack of \$1,000 bills, there would be only 250 of them.) Hastert knew about the issue not just because he's a progressive-thinking lawmaker, but also because Amurol, the company that makes Stay Alert Caffeine Supplement Gum, is in his district.

The \$250,000 is taking a long time to work its way through Washington bureaucracy, so I decided to jump-start the project. My research, which consisted mainly of getting Amurol to send me free gum, shows that it tastes really, really bad. Of the five people I gave it to, three made a face, one spit it out and the other was my dad, who thinks everything tastes O.K., even months after its expiration date has passed.

While the company appreciated my efforts, Amurol wants to stick to its research plan, which will take place at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington. Tom Balkin, the chief of the department of neurobiology and behavior, has already begun his work on the gum. "It doesn't taste very good," he says. "People around here spit it out." But as a man of science he persevered. "Maybe it's like their first beer. At first you don't like it, but then you acquire a taste for it."

Balkin's experiments will figure out whether the gum is a good way to keep soldiers up while they are in battle. Amurol suspects its gum might taste good enough for guys who eat powdered coffee straight from the packet. The Amurol marketers are not overly ambitious people.

In the next few months, Balkin's assistants will pay people to stay up until 4 a.m. Then they're going to give them wads of gum and keep them up 14 hours more, testing their alertness by having them push a button as fast as they can when a signal goes off. The subjects will do this until they go mad and beat one another in a way that's uncoordinated enough to entertain the scientists. At least that's how I would run the experiment.

But this is just a small part of the research that needs to be done. There are things I want to know, like will some annoying guy at nice restaurants with hidden cameras try to switch the good gum with Folgers caffeinated gum? Do you need decaffeinated peanut butter to get caffeinated gum out of your hair? Can I save money by asking women out for gum? We've got work to do, people. Social Security can wait. ■



ARTIFACT

MUST GIVE US PAWS It was dog day morning and afternoon in New York City last week, when the 123rd Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show hit town. Despite the fact that it's no walk in the park to win best of breed in the Old English Sheepdog category, twice as many entered this year as in 1998. This is what made Yoshi, co-owned by Jere Marder, the leader of the herders.

NOSE Black and bulbous; Marder sometimes licks it to create a shine

TEETH Cleaned by vet one month before show; dental equipment used to eliminate tartar

COAT Washed in Treseme shampoo; sprayed with water, hair spray and cornstarch (to whiten it up); conditioned to help pesky split ends; and fluffed up during judging

BELLY Two meals a day of Purina Pro Plan, plus Milk Bones as a snack

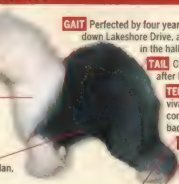
GAIT Perfected by four years of running up and down Lakeshore Drive, and given a final polish in the hallways of the hotel

TAIL Chopped off three days after birth

TEMPERAMENT Must be vivacious and enjoy competing. Biting judges is bad form

CLAWS Trimmed, no polish

PAWS Hair neatened by owner with scissors



"You've got mail."

How Karl Schab came to buy a new Saturn.

After nearly two years of working in Russia, Karl Schab was ready to come home. But first he was going to need a car.

So Karl did what any intelligent engineer suggested in the international space station project in Moscow would do—he went into cyberspace and researched the Saturn Web site. As a former Saturn owner, Karl knew pretty much what he was looking for. What he didn't know was how to make everything happen from 5,500 miles away so that his new car would be waiting for him when he returned home to Colorado Springs.



Enter Saturn sales consultant Larry Mann. After several e-mails back and forth, Larry had answered all of Karl's concerns, even explaining many of the finance options available. And on February 6, 1999, at 2:51:46 (Moscow time) Karl Schab ordered a brand-new Saturn coupe.

In fact, anyone with a computer can browse, answer options, consult an interactive pricing center, even apply for financing, all by simply logging onto www.saturn.com.

And as always, let us know if we can answer any questions. We have that e-mail thing.

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These Are the Times That Try Men's Souls

IT HAS BEEN A CONFUSING FEW WEEKS for those hoping to enjoy their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of guns and fashion. In Beverly Hills, Calif., an

initiative approved for the May ballot calls for tags on new fur coats warning consumers that the animals used were possibly killed by "electrocution, gassing, neck breaking" or other means. A Lincoln Park, Mich., student is suing her high school, saying a dress code that forbids her to wear a pentagram violates her

ability to practice her religion of witchery. Not far away, in Traverse City, Mich., a judge ruled that an 1897 state law against

cursing in front of children is constitutional. A man charged with a foul-mouthed fit near two youngsters after falling out of his canoe last summer can, if convicted, face a \$100 fine and up to 90 days behind bars. Revolutionary War re-enactors in Massachusetts may also face serious govt time.

A state law banning assault weapons calls for the arrest of owners who don't have trigger guards on their firearms. It doesn't matter whether it is a deadly AK-47 or an old flintlock. How on earth did the National Rifle Association let that one get past them?

TUSH: Its manufacturers claim its large bottom makes it perfect to rest one's head on, but isn't it really designed to encourage interspecies dating?



LEGO STAR WARS FIGURES: Movie spin-off, says Lego. But Jerry would see the truth: the Force is a cult.

WATERBELLIES: Plush creatures with snow globes in their bellies or poor role models? They're clearly pregnant, yet they appear to be unmarried.



ICE MAN: You put him together, pour water over him and freeze him, then melt him with warm-water syringes and scalpels, and pull out his guts. If that doesn't encourage belief in immortal life through cryogenics, what does?

More Things for Jerry Falwell to Worry About

THE REV. JERRY FALWELL LAST WEEK suggested that Tinky-Winky, the purple Teletubby, is gay. Falwell's rationale: purple is the color of gay pride; Tinky Winky's antenna is a triangle, the symbol of gay pride; and he carries a bag. Mystifyingly, Falwell was a no-show at the International Toy Fair, the biggest toy market in the western hemisphere. If he had gone, he could have found things to worry about into the next millennium, including:



THE ULTIMATE SOLDIER: His removable head may make him more adaptable and fun for role play. But Jerry would immediately see the subtle reference to *The Exorcist*.

JESSEWATCH

REBEL WITH A CONGRESS More fun episodes in the Ventura administration. **DAY 37:** Ventura sends a lunch invitation to the Rolling Stones, due to appear in Minneapolis on the 15th. He later expresses particular admiration for the endurance of famed partyer Keith Richards: "It's remarkable that [he] may see 90."



DAY 39: Jesse sends a cease-and-desist letter to a nonprofit greeting-card company run by a secretary at the state capitol. She created Valentine's Day cards depicting him in heart-themed wrestling garb. **DAY 40:** A local radio station asks Ventura at the last minute to sub for its regular host. Luckily, he has a window. "You still have to worry about swearing," he says.

TOURISM



WALK THIS WAY The Israel National Parks Authority has approved a 262-ft.-long transparent bridge to be built just below the surface of the Sea of Galilee so visitors can follow in the footsteps of Christ. "We have no intention to try and re-create the divine miracle that happened to Jesus," says contractor Ron Major, who's building it with the help of funds from the Israeli government. After it opens in August, he expects up to 800,000 people a year to pay a minimal fee to walk on water. And, yes, lifeguards will be on hand in case anyone strays from the true path.

Bring soccer hooligans
and men in tights together in harmony.



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Sneezing, Itchy, Watery Eyes
Runny Nose & Itchy Throat
Due to Allergies & Colds

24 Children's Doses

Over-the-counter allergy medications containing antihistamines may cause drowsiness. Drowsiness rates may vary among products.

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Talk to your doctor about
nondrowsy, 24-hour CLARITIN®.



For relief of your seasonal allergy symptoms

One tablet gives 24-hour, nondrowsy relief from seasonal allergy symptoms. **Nondrowsy antihistamines, such as CLARITIN®, are available by prescription only.**

Studies show that the incidence of drowsiness was similar to that with placebo (sugar pill) at the recommended dose. Drowsiness may occur if you take more than the recommended dose.

CLARITIN® is well tolerated. It has a low occurrence

of side effects, which occurred about as often as they did with placebo (sugar pill). Most common were headache, occurring with 12% of people; drowsiness, 8%; fatigue, 4%; and dry mouth, 3%.

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CLARITIN® brand of loratadine TABLETS, SYRUP, and RAPIDLY-DISINTEGRATING TABLETS

BRIEF SUMMARY (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: CLARITIN® is indicated for the relief of nasal and conjunctival symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis and for the treatment of chronic idiopathic urticaria in patients 6 years of age or older.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARITIN is contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Patients with hepatic impairment or renal insufficiency (GFR < 30 mL/min) should be given a 5-mg initial dose, 13-mg once (after 1 day). **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Special Populations:**

Drug Interactions: Loratadine (10 mg once daily) has been administered with therapeutic doses of erythromycin, cimetidine, and ketoconazole in controlled clinical pharmacology studies in adult volunteers. Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 h) of loratadine and/or desloratadine were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers (n = 24 in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine, as assessed by electrocardiographic parameters, clinical laboratory tests, vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QTc intervals, and no reports of torsion de pointes or syncope. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketoconazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 h) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table.

Effects on Plasma Concentrations (AUC 0-24 h) of Loratadine and Desloratadine: After 10 Days of Coadministration (Loratadine 10 mg in Normal Volunteers)

	Loratadine	Desloratadine
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+43%	+46%
Cimetidine (300 mg Q12h)	+16%	+13%
Ketoconazole (400 mg Q12h)	+307%	+73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

Contraception, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacologic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure given in mice was 10 times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure in rats was 10 times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure in mice given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 78 (loratadine) and 67 (desloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg of males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN is unknown. In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in reverse (Ames) or *hprt* (CHO) assays or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte sister chromatid exchange and the mouse bone marrow erythrocyte micronucleus assay). In the mouse lymphoma assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the study.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower male conception rates, occurred at an oral dose of 64 mg/kg (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at an oral dose of approximately 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis).

Pregnancy Category B: There was no evidence of adverse fetotoxicity in studies performed in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 36 mg/kg (approximately 30 times and 150 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Loratadine and its metabolite, desloratadine, are excreted into breast milk and achieve concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC:plasma ratio of 1.7 and 0.8 for loratadine and desloratadine, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and desloratadine were excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: The safety of CLARITIN Syrup at a daily dose of 10 mg has been demonstrated in 188 pediatric patients 6-12 years of age in placebo-controlled 2-week trials. The effectiveness of CLARITIN for the treatment of seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria in this pediatric age group is based on a comparison of the demonstrated efficacy of CLARITIN in adults in these conditions with the knowledge that the disease course, pathophysiology, and the drug's effect are substantially similar to that of the adults. The recommended dose for the pediatric population is based on a cross-study comparison of plasma pharmacokinetics of CLARITIN in pediatric subjects and in the safety profile of loratadine in both adults and pediatric patients at doses equal to or higher than the recommended doses. The safety and effectiveness of CLARITIN in pediatric patients under 6 years of age have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: CLARITIN Tablets: Approximately 90,000 patients, aged 12 and older received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials at the recommended dose of 10 mg once a day for 2 weeks (up to 6 months' duration). The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS IN PATIENTS 12 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

	PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING			
	LOTATADINE 10 mg QD n = 1929	PLACEBO n = 2545	CLEMISTINE 1 mg BID n = 336	TERFENADINE 60 mg BID n = 884
Headache	12	11	8	8
Somnolence	8	8	22	9
Fatigue	4	3	10	2
Dry Mouth	3	2	4	3

Adverse events reported in placebo-controlled chronic idiopathic urticaria trials were similar to those reported in allergic rhinitis studies.

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although the number of nonwhite subjects was relatively small.

CLARITIN REDIBATS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets): Approximately 500 patients received CLARITIN REDIBATS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) in controlled clinical trials of 2 weeks' duration. In these studies, adverse events were similar in type and frequency to those seen with CLARITIN Tablets and placebo.

Administration of CLARITIN REDIBATS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) did not result in an increased reporting frequency of mouth or tongue irritation.

CLARITIN Syrup: Approximately 300 pediatric patients 6 to 12 years of age received 10 mg loratadine once daily in controlled clinical trials for a period of 8-15 days. Among these 188 children were treated with 10 mg loratadine syrup once daily in placebo-controlled trials. Adverse events in these pediatric patients were observed to occur with type and frequency similar to those seen in the adult population. The rate of premature discontinuation due to adverse events among pediatric patients receiving loratadine 10 mg daily was less than 1%.

ADVERSE EVENTS OCCURRING WITH A FREQUENCY OF ≥ 2% IN LOTATADINE SYRUP-TREATED PATIENTS 6-12 YEARS OLD IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED TRIALS AND MORE FREQUENTLY THAN IN THE PLACEBO GROUP

	PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING		
	LOTATADINE 10 mg QD n = 188	PLACEBO n = 262	CHLORPHENIRAMINE 2-4 mg BID/TID n = 170
Nervousness	4	2	2
Headache	4	2	2
Wheezing	4	2	2
Fatigue	4	2	1
Hyperkinesia	2	0	0
Abdominal Pain	2	0	0
Constipation	2	0	0
Dysphonia	2	0	0
Malaise	2	0	1
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	2	0	0

In addition to those adverse events reported above (≥ 2%), the following adverse events have been reported in at least one patient in CLARITIN clinical trials in adult and pediatric patients:

Autonomic Nervous System: Adrenal adenoma; altered sensation; flushing; hypotension; impotence; increased sweating; thirst.

Body as a Whole: Angioedema; edema; anemia; back pain; blurred vision; chest pain; dizziness; eye pain; fever; leg cramps; malaise; rigors; lumbago; viral infection; weight gain.

Cardiovascular System: Hypertension; tachycardia; supraventricular tachycardia; syncope; tachypnea.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System: Blepharospasm; dizziness; dysphonia; hypertension; migraine; paresthesia; tremor; vertigo.

Gastrointestinal System: Altered taste; anorexia; constipation; diarrhea; dyspepsia; flatulence; gastritis; hiccups; increased appetite; nausea; stomatitis; toothache; vomiting.

Musculoskeletal System: Arthralgia; myalgia.

Psychiatric: Agitation; anxiety; confusion; decreased libido; depression; impaired concentration; insomnia; irritability; paranoia.

Reproductive System: Breast pain; dysmenorrhea; menorrhagia; vaginitis.

Skin and Appendages: Dermatitis; dry skin; photosensitivity reaction; pruritus; purpura; rash; urticaria.

Urogenital System: Altered micturition; urinary discomfort; urinary incontinence; urinary retention.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the marketing of loratadine: abnormal hepatic function, including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necrosis; alopecia; anaphylaxis; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme; peripheral edema; and seizures.

OVERDOSEAGE: In adults, somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with overdoses greater than 10 mg with the Tablet formulation (40 to 180 mg). Exaggerated side effects and fatalities have been reported in children with overdoses of greater than 10 mg of CLARITIN Syrup. In the event of overdosage, gastric contents should be emptied and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdosage would reasonably consist of emesis (emetic syrup), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If emesis is unsuccessful, an endotracheal gastric lavage should be performed with warm saline. Suction catheters may also be of value for rapid removal of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

No overdosage in small doses up to 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2400 and 1200 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). Single oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis.

Schering

Schering Corporation
Kenilworth, NJ 07033 USA

Rev. 3/98

19C84267-JBS

CLARITIN REDIBATS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) are manufactured for Schering Corporation by Schering ODS, England.

U.S. Patent Nos. 4,282,233 and 4,371,516

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MILESTONES

ACQUITTED. WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON, 52, of perjury and obstruction-of-justice charges; by the U.S. Senate; in Washington (see cover story).

DIED. MARIUS SCHOON, below, right, 61, white South African antiapartheid activist; of lung cancer; in Johannesburg. Schoon was jailed for 12 years for a failed attempt in the '60s to bomb a police building. In 1984 his wife and daughter were killed by a mail bomb sent at the behest of a police official who later admitted to the crime. Said President Nelson Mandela: "He destroyed the myth that all Afrikaners were racists and oppressors."

DIED. IRIS MURDOCH, 79, erudite and macabre British writer, philosopher and Booker Prize winner; after a battle with Alzheimer's disease; in Oxford, England. In her 26 novels, including *A Severed Head* and *An Accidental Man*, Murdoch described in intricate detail middle-class characters in the throes of what she called "erotic mysteries and deep, dark struggles between good and evil" (see *Eulogy*).



DIED. BOBBY TROUP, 80, sharp-witted actor and musician who wrote the classic 1946 road tune (Get Your Kicks on) Route 66; in Sherman Oaks, Calif. Among the artists who recorded Troup's songs—including *The Girl Can't Help It* and *Baby, Baby All the Time*—

were Nat King Cole, Sarah Vaughan and Manhattan Transfer. In the '70s, Troup was better known as Dr. Joe Early on the TV drama *Emergency*.

DIED. FRANKLIN LONG, 88, U.S. government adviser and Cornell University emeritus professor whose nomination to run the National Science Foundation was blocked in 1969 by Richard Nixon; in Pomona, Calif. Long, a vehement advocate of international arms reductions, had criticized the U.S.'s antiballistic-missile system, saying it would pose "strong pressure toward acceleration of the arms race." When Nixon finally offered him the post, after protests from scientists, Long declined.



NUMBERS



\$51.5 million Punitive and compensatory damages Philip Morris was ordered to pay to a lifelong smoker in California

20.6 million Number of \$2.50 packs of Marlboro that could be bought for that amount

8.1 billion Total number of Marlboro packs shipped in 1998



\$186 million Current estimated size of the toy-gun market—\$8 million higher than the previous estimate

55 million Total number of toy guns, weapons and accessory units shipped each year in the U.S.

35 million Number of Americans who own real handguns



2,077 Number of American Airlines pilots who "called in sick" over five days last week during a pay dispute

200,000 Number of passengers stranded as a result

\$136,000 Average salary of an American Airlines pilot

Sources: Washington Post, Business Wire, Toy Manufacturers of America Inc., American Airlines

EULOGY

Dame Iris Murdoch's like will not be seen again. A beautiful woman with a brilliant mind, a divine innocent, philosopher and Fellow of St. Anne's College, Oxford, winner of the 1978 Booker Prize for her novel *The Sea, the Sea*, living closely and in famous squalor with her husband, the eminent critic John Bayley, she was unmoved by the claims of publishers and fans upon her privacy and person. To the impudent question in a bookstore's Visitor's Book "What are you famous for?" she wrote, "For nothing. I am just famous." And she would have believed it, seeing nothing special in what she did, as if the writing of great novels was child's play in the universe that



so intrigued her. She wore her carpet slippers to parties and was forgiven. She was a great stylist, breaking all the literary rules: 18 adjectives in a row were as nothing to her, forever confounding my own advice to would-be writers to go sparingly, that one at a time is enough. Her novels flowed in a glittery stream from the first, *Under the Net*, in 1954, to the last, *Jackson's Dilemma*, in 1995, after which Alzheimer's claimed her. Her graceful descent into the state of unminedness was chronicled by Bayley in his tender book, *Elegy for Iris*, which serves as a memorial to her person. Her novels remain as a testament to Iris Murdoch, the writer.

—By Fay Weldon

SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL

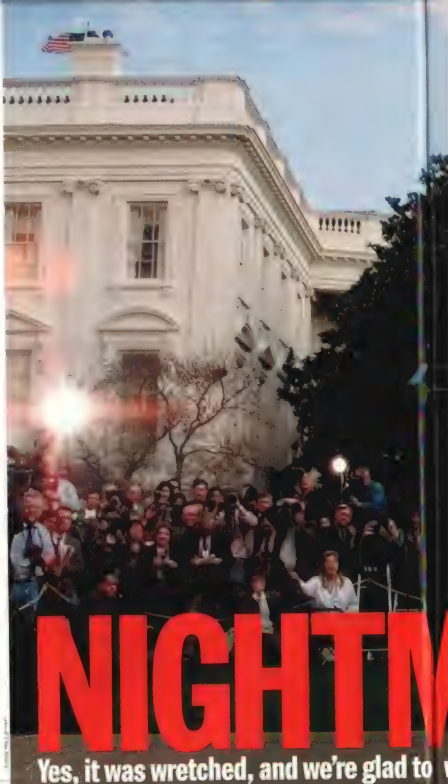
By NANCY GIBBS


FRIDAY WAS GRADUATION day, full of pomp and circumstance. The Senators voted to acquit the President, and he gave his 82-second commencement address. The daffodils didn't know enough to stay under the mulch, the little white flags fluttered on the South Lawn putting green, aides stood in the sunshine listening to him apologize and reconcile one more time. And of course it was the postscript that sealed the day, after he turned to leave and heard the heavenly question transmitted by Sam Donaldson. "In your heart, sir, can you forgive and forget?"

Perfect. Pause. "I believe," Clinton answered, reaching for his diploma, "any person who asks for forgiveness has to be prepared to give it."

He had been up so late—thinking and writing, thinking and writing, the long version, the short version—that he slept through his 8 a.m. wake-up call and was still scribbling as the votes tolled, guilty, not guilty. He knew—everyone knew—that every time he had opened his mouth about the scandal he had made things worse: too glib, too bitter, too unbowed, too phony. But as Dick Morris once said, Bill Clinton will make every mistake a President can make, but he will make it only once. This time he was so determined to get the tone right that he kept searching for the word he knew was still missing. The last word he added came at the end, when he urged everyone to "rededicate ourselves to the work of serving our nation and building our future," and then wrote in "together."

So much for burning down the House.





WAKE-UP CALL'S END

wake up. But even bad dreams can serve useful purposes

SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL



SPRING BREAK Rehnquist praised the Senators, they thanked him for presiding, and they all threw their caps in the air

Nobody needs to be told what to hate about this year, what made us flinch or groan, change the channel, fling the magazine across the room. Generations of scholars yet unborn will read shelves of books yet unwritten trying to figure out what went wrong in America in 1998 and why. So maybe it's the lazy luxury of relief, now that it's over, to look at what might have gone right and toast the new era with a glass half full.

The serial predictions of anarchy never came true. The markets did not crash, the public did not rush to judgment, fact and fiction met but didn't merge, and the unending Senate trial took precisely 37 days. Within moments of the vote, the Senators were cheering the Chief Justice and one another, and no one lunged for anyone else's throat. The U.S. is still a superpower, and the only elected President to be impeached is still the leader of the free world.

A public content to ignore its government can take heart that its institutions are sturdy and forgiving: the presidency forgave a reckless President, the Congress survived a bout of cannibalism, the Constitution warded off anyone who tried to ransack it for any reason. It was tempting to blame the clanking 18th century impeachment mechanisms for dragging out the investigation for months after the public had made up its mind; yet that stately pace served the purpose of forcing both sides to confront the evidence, honor the process, hear each other out. It



turns out the Constitution wasn't built for speed. It was built to last.

In some ways the system turned itself inside out. The House members, who stand for election every two years in districts so small that all voices should be heard, were the ones who drove the process forward despite widespread resistance. The Senate was designed to judge the case on the legal merits, protected from public passions by its six-year terms; yet in the end the Senators accepted the fact that the public had reached a complex decision to tolerate Clinton's conduct, and groped their way through the law and politics and duty to find a way to honor the people's will.

In the process some blurry principles came into focus. For years the debate has raged over which conduct is public and relevant, which is private and protected. One after another, in the effort to prove they were being prosecutors, not Puritans, Re-

publicans declared that the private aspect of Clinton's misconduct was no one's business, certainly not the Senate's. If the media get the message, the country will be happy to move on. Similarly, the culture of investigation that created Ken Starr with his searchlights and Bill Clinton with his Dobermans has been examined under bright lights, and so surely we will now look for a better way to hold politicians accountable without holding them hostage.

The Senate today is a different place from what it was six weeks ago, before what Bob Kerrey calls its "confinement." Senators these days are free agents: they talk to cameras, not one another. But during the trial's last week, when the TV lights and microphones were turned off, that slowly changed, and the members became like neighbors who take down the fences after the floodwaters have swept the whole town away. They turned to one another and had



VARSITY TEAM White House lawyer Ruff gets a hug from a fan as he and Clinton's legal team finally come up for air

SCHOOL TIES Lott, here with Democrats Byron Dorgan and Bob Torricelli, says the trial brought Senators closer together

foreign policy or whatever," Lott added, "but I think we will be a little less quick to question the other's motives or to publicly be critical of each other."

And finally, of course, there is the sheer benefit of its being over, which is incalculable and inexpressible, something you just know in your bones and feel grateful for.

A YEAR THAT BEGAN WITH CARICATURES eventually produced some defiant icons. Thanks to Charles Ruff, we saw more of a powerful man in a wheelchair than most of us have in our lifetime. Gender stereotypes tumbled as Clinton was declared the country's first female President, the first black President, all empathy and soul with just a whiff of victimhood. Many women winced at a scandal that began with a lovestruck Valley Girl gossiping to her treacherous friend; by year's end those images had been diluted by some other women who took the stage: Cheryl Mills, all of 34, with her hypnotic legal lullaby; Nicole Seligman bleaching the House case; Democrat Dianne Feinstein trying to be genuinely stern with an adolescent President; Republicans Olympia Snowe and Susan Collins emerging from the back benches to call for a reasoned response. You could disagree with their positions and still respect their conduct.

The same can be said of the impassioned, impugned House managers, who, whatever the merits of their case, put a lie to the assumption that all politicians are driven solely by polls and survival instincts.

One could wonder where their compass pointed, but no one mistook it for a weather vane. Henry Hyde argued that "there's no political profit in this. A President Gore would not be helpful to the Republican Party." But when Hyde faced the Senators, he challenged them to larger purposes: "I have always believed that there are issues of transcendent importance that you have to be willing to lose your office over."

IF IT SEEMED THAT WE SPENT THE YEAR in the moral faculty lounge debating the weight of our principles, there was value in that exercise as well. You learn more about the views you hold when you're forced to defend them. Tom DeLay tried to frame the debate as a choice between relativism and absolute truths, but there were subtler arguments advanced by both sides. Smart virtuecrats like Bill Bennett argued that a leader who occasionally drank in the evenings was not impeachable, but one who drank before deciding on troop deployments maybe was. White House officials agonized in private over which was worse: that Clinton lied to them or that he failed to apologize for it. Censure ultimately died, in part because Senators decided that enough damage had been done to the President without adding any to the Constitution.

With so many values in play, hypocrites lost their footing the moment they seemed to be holding others to standards they themselves did not embrace: femi-

an argument unlike any other in their experience: pointed, passionate and thoroughly private. On Friday, once the vote was taken, Tom Daschle and Trent Lott reached across the aisle and shook hands. "We did it," said the Democratic leader as his counterpart slapped him on the back. "We sure did," responded Lott. There were thumbs flying high and backs thumped and orthopedic hugs all around as the Senators filed out.

Reflecting later on the new mood, a bone-weary Lott told a few reporters, "We've gotten to know each other better as people, as individuals rather than Senator So-and-So from Minnesota or Senator So-and-So from Alabama. There's been a lot of holding of hands and slapping on backs and nuzzling of each other and trying to keep this from breaking out into a really nasty affair." Newly bonded, the Senators are hopeful. "It doesn't mean we won't get into fusses over tax policy or farm policy or

SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL



HYDE & CO. met one last time Friday before the Senate vote. In the end, they couldn't win even a majority

nists who decried the pursuit of the President's personal life after years of declaring that the personal is political, Republicans who deplored Clinton's lies or affairs but then were confronted with lies or affairs of their own, presidential spinners who condemned the politics of personal destruction even as they practiced them—all were called to account. If there is a lesson for future candidates, it may be not that only saints need apply or that rising markets erase all sins, but rather that honesty is worth more than practiced perfection—there will be no secrets anyway, and you can trust the people to judge wisely.

Because in the Year of Perpetual Polling, the public never caught the fever of the combatants. Week after week the argument was framed by the extremes: the politicians and the pundits created a cross fire in which every action was cast as either a partisan plot or an assault on justice. Yet no matter how appalling the details, the public generally kept its distance from the shouting and weighed the evidence carefully.

That absence of outrage appalled many conservatives, who took it as evidence of widespread moral laziness

among people too drunk on Internet stocks and cheap gasoline to care about their soul. But that diagnosis also invited a closer look. We call ourselves God's country, always scooping up lost religious rebels into a nation safe for people with strong moral views. This year revealed how strong and how varied those views turn out to be. Clinton has privately called the Congress that dared pursue him "Stalinist"; James Dobson, meanwhile, has said the American people can no longer recognize the nature of evil. But 1998 was a year of public corruption and private progress, of numbers

that shouted of moral uplift as crime, abortion, teen pregnancy and drunk driving all dropped. There was no epidemic of perjury; in fact the evening news became an occasion to demonstrate in constant, clear terms that we take lying extremely seriously.

Parents took no joy in trying to explain to children how the President got in so much trouble, unless they could get away with saying that oral sex means that it's not written down. But it was a unique chance to explain plenty of other things. If the year of O.J. made us forensics experts, this year was a civics lesson. We're constitutional scholars now. The irony of this seamy scandal is that it forced us to return to First Principles, to passages of a dusty Constitution we rarely have occasion to consult in the normal course of events.

We came to understand the concrete value of abstract concepts like majority rule, the workings of justice, the difference between fact and speculation, and the peaceful mechanisms the framers devised for settling mortal arguments that drive other countries' armies into the streets.

The presidency feels different to us now, less a solid than a liquid, too vast for any one man to poison permanently, yet so fluid it molds to the shape of the vessel it's poured into. For much of this century, particularly from Franklin Roosevelt on, the men wore the office, borrowed its majesty



WHAT IT COST IN DOLLARS

Ken Starr spent millions on his investigation. As his costs soared, so did the legal bills of the main cast and the backup players. Who got the biggest bill? Taxpayers, of course.

Starr's investigation	\$40,835,000*	\$4.4 million of that on Lewinsky alone
The Clintons	\$8,000,000	Attorney fees
	\$850,000	Paula Jones settlement
Monica Lewinsky	\$2,000,000+	Attorney fees
Linda Tripp	\$350,000+	Attorney fees
Vernon Jordan	\$150,000+	Probably covered by his law firm as pro bono work
Betty Currie	\$150,000+	Attorney fees
Sidney Bhmmenthal	\$150,000+	Attorney fees

*Estimate as of January 1999

to wage war or make peace. Modern Presidents cannot count on that mystique. Now the office wears the man. In the age of 24-hour news channels, it is the man we recognize and judge, which is why Reagan's power was utterly different from Carter's, Clinton's from Bush's.

Some have argued that because Clinton has survived with so few Americans approving of his character and so many approving of his performance, it shows that it is possible to govern without moral authority. The logical response is to question not whether Clinton has moral authority but whether he has governed. Over the past six years there have been triumphs he can legitimately claim—his partnership with Congress on welfare reform, balancing the budget, raising the minimum wage, promoting peace in Ireland and elsewhere. But this year, when his moral authority was systematically stripped, we could not help being aware of the governing he didn't do despite spectacular opportunities. He could dispatch planes to Iraq but not troops, nothing requiring broad debate and consent. He could not trade pet projects with Republicans in Congress—I'll give you school vouchers if you give me the patients' bill of rights—because he could not afford to annoy any Democrats. And so, in the end, there was no tobacco deal.

Yet when you talk to the people who in recent weeks turned out for the President's enormous rallies, they express awe and gratitude for his mastery of the material. Someone, for whatever selfish reason, at least appears to care about their life and truly loves the game, knows the numbers, enjoys the ideas and proposals so much he soaks and wallows in them—even if they only affect life at the margins. It may be that the scandal forced him to focus as never before, to justify the White House motto, "Just going about the work of the American people."

In the weeks ahead, we'll get to see how serious Clinton is about forgiveness and reconciliation. He's always best when he's in a fight, which left people wondering whether he'd have to go find himself one. By the time he had finished his Rose Garden remarks, the storm clouds were rolling in. It was raining by 4, drenching the false spring. Already there was no shortage of people in front of microphones arguing over who should be most ashamed of his or her performance. But if the President had any hope of getting all parties to the peace table to save what's left of their reputation, he at least had to appear generous in victory. —With reporting by James Carney, John F. Dickerson and Karen Tumulty/Washington

PUBLIC EYE ■ Margaret Carlson

Sighs and Whimpers

Bill Clinton has always thrived amid enmity. So what will he be like without a crisis?

OVER HIS LONG, TUMULTUOUS CAREER, BILL CLINTON HAS SHOWN HIMSELF to be a man who can live without friends but not without enemies. He thrives in a storm, not in sunshine. Before Ken Starr, Clinton stood isolated from Democrats, having triangulated and compromised himself out of their good graces. That was fine when Starr was just investigating a moldy land deal. But when he turned his high horse onto the low road of presidential sex, Clinton knew this was different. For the first time, he needed congressional Democrats more than they needed him. And Democrats, fearing the right wing might really be gaining ground, answered his call. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship that peaked last Friday, when all 45 Senate Democrats stood by their man.

But what will happen now that the danger has passed? Will Clinton drop his new friends, put Dick Gephardt and Tom Daschle on hold while he speed-dials Trent Lott to cut deals to build the legacy he craves? A former confidant remarked, "He's the kind of guy who's there for you when he needs you."

When Clinton spoke briefly in the Rose Garden after the vote, he looked, finally, grief-stricken and empty, like a mourner left alone with the empty Jell-O molds and casserole dishes after the funeral. The adrenaline was gone, and the friends dispersed. His wife, welded to his side through most of the bitter fight against Starr, was pointedly absent in its Rose Garden aftermath. Her refusal to shut the door on a run for the Senate in New York could almost be taken as an announcement that she is open to a de facto separation, a psychological divorce. Bruce Lindsey, the President's constant companion and consigliere, was missing Friday as well, having gone off to have lunch with fellow aides Greg Craig and Cheryl Mills rather than return for the President's statement. Last month Lindsey didn't even show up to fill his customary seat next to Clinton at the President's annual Super Bowl party at Camp David. Like the first, second and third teams of aides, the fourth, including Paul Begala, is leaving the field.

Surely 1999 won't be a repeat of 1998—Who could survive it?—but it could be a throwback to 1997, when Clinton's broken leg matched his busted-up spirit. Dreams of universal health care had been downsized to an extra day in the hospital for major surgery. The state attorneys general, not Clinton, were leading the war on tobacco. His heart wasn't in campaign-finance reform. He was reduced to bite-size governing and musing about his relevance.

Starr got his juices going then, but what enemy will rouse him now? In rising up to foil his foes, taking to the ramparts when most of us would take to our beds, Clinton has left behind him the political corpses of Al D'Amato, Bob Livingston and Newt Gingrich and the wounded reputations of Starr, Henry Hyde and their colleagues. Who will replace them? Last Wednesday night, at a reception for Senator John McCain, Senator Phil Gramm, a seething Clinton critic, eating an overflowing plate of red meat, looked as if he might serve as the new nemesis. Gramm was going on about how it was his constitutional duty (sound familiar?) to block censure (remember censure?), and would filibuster if need be until the last dog died. On Friday, when Gramm rose to block the measure, it was more with a whimper than a bang. No one much cared. Clinton's enemies are going to have to do better than that if he's to thrive. ■



His last apology? Clinton heads for the Rose Garden

SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL

NEW RULES OF

In the post-Monica world, presidential candidates face new questions about personal behavior even as voters signal they don't care much who did what

By RICHARD LACAYO

SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN, THE Arizona Republican who would like to be President, held a funny kind of film screening last week. At the invitation of his campaign organization, 50 or so journalists, political operatives and Senators joined him at the Washington headquarters of the National Cable Television Association. The occasion was a private screening of a documentary about McCain produced for the A&E network series *Biography*. McCain is one of those baroque pearls of American politics, lustrous but irregular, so nobody was surprised that the film made the most of his days as a Navy flyer and a Vietnam-war POW or that it played up his bumpy Senate fights against Big Tobacco and for campaign-finance reform. But it also went long and deep into how he piled up demerits at the U.S. Naval Academy and lost several planes on training runs. It raked over his hard-partying past, his affair that destroyed his first marriage, and his second wife's onetime addiction to pain-killers. Before the final credits rolled, it had also worked through his involvement (and exoneration) in the Keating Five savings and loan scandal of the 1980s.

Not exactly *PT-109*. When J.F.K. was gearing up for his 1960 presidential run, the Kennedys spread the story of his bravery in the Pacific, not his conquests in Georgetown. But that was when smart candidates wanted charisma. Now they want cover, which, oddly enough, requires them to make pre-emptive strikes on themselves. In the aftermath of the White House scandal, it's a good bet that "youthful indiscre-

tions" will get you more press than anything you say about school vouchers. Will voters care? If the past year teaches anything, it's that, up to a point still undefined, they won't. But for now, it's a smart move to get your shortcomings on the table before your opponents and the media do. Welcome to campaign biography in the post-Lewinsky era, the world of kiss and tell on yourself.

McCain's unusual movie night was just one sign of how the Year of Monica is changing campaign 2000. But in the same way that there is no consensus on what the past year was finally about—sex and lies? sexual witch hunts and hypocrisy?—no one is yet sure what its repercussions will be. Watergate was followed by an era of weakened presidential leadership and moralizing politics. But Watergate was about clear abuses of presidential power, not middle-aged sex play and the attendant embarrassments, and it ended with Richard Nixon in pieces on the ground. By comparison, Bill Clinton is merely scuffed and dented, and his accusers are on the de-



THE ROAD



ensive, while most people profess indifference to the whole matter. So everything that happened in the past year points to two conclusions that appear contrary but may not be. One is that in the next election, what used to be called the private life of a candidate will be anything but private. The other is that certain personal shortcomings may not be as important to voters as they once seemed.

For the American political class—that loose aggregate of politicians, pollsters, consultants, campaign managers and media commentators—the questions about post-Monica fallout are anything but academic. The 2000 campaign trail is already moving through terrain pocked and cratered by the scandal. The early front runners are trying to define an acceptable zone of privacy, but they find themselves in a world in which the only rule is that there are no rules. Whether and how voters react to one's past may depend on how serious

it was—a one-night stand or cartwheeling adulteries? a lot of pot or a little cocaine?—and just how long ago it was. And the process by which those episodes are dug up and publicized is now a free-for-all. The Year of Monica was driven forward by outsiders and scandal prospectors of every kind, from the anti-Clinton tycoon Richard Mellon Meehan to the freelance spider Luanne Goldberg and the Jupiter of media, Larry Flynt. "There's a cottage industry of digging up dirt and slinging mud," says Kyle McSillarow, chairman of Quayle 2000. "The candidates themselves will bend over backward to stay away from it, but they've lost control."

Even if mainstream reporters refrain from asking questions about sex and drugs—don't laugh, it could happen—no one can stop an old girlfriend or dealer from calling a press conference. And if the establishment media play these down, there will still be the Matt Drudges, Howard Sterns and Flynts to play them up. So whether or not an old acquaintance with sex and drugs should be forgotten by voters, it will take a candidate with nerves of

HOT BUTTONS

As these mock pins suggest, it's a whole new game and nobody really knows which questions are permitted and which answers will work. Prospective candidates will try to position themselves in ways that play up their character strengths and inoculate them against issues involving their private lives

PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; BUSH: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; QUAYLE: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; MCCAIN: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; LIDDY: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES

SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL

steel to withstand the vetting process.

That process is already under way. As early as last March, on *Meet the Press*, Dan Quayle was asked if he expected to be hit with the adultery question. Quayle said he did and thought it was improper. But he went on to volunteer that he had never had an affair. "To say anything else would have raised a firestorm," explains McSillarow. Some Republicans are experimenting with what was called in the Watergate era the "modified limited hangout"—an answer that seems forthright, even embarrassing, but stops well short of the bald truth. Earlier this month McCain was questioned by CNN anchor Bernard Shaw, who noted the affair that McCain has already acknowl-

edged during his first marriage, then asked whether a politician's private acts "should be part of public discourse." After again admitting he was "responsible for the breakup of my first marriage," McCain simply added, "I will not discuss or talk about that anymore."

Similarly, George W. Bush has owned up to a full partying schedule in his younger days. He also says he quit drinking 12 years ago and has been "loyal to my wife." But two weeks ago, a reporter for a New Hampshire TV station asked if he had ever used drugs: "Marijuana? Cocaine?" Though Bush again admitted that he once drank too much, he refused to discuss drugs. "I'm not going to talk about what I

did as a child," he said, hiding behind an elastic definition of childhood. "What's relevant is that I have learned from any mistakes that I made."

Some political pros are hoping that the revelations about Clinton and Monica—and for that matter Henry Hyde, Bob Livingston and Thomas Jefferson—will inoculate future candidates against damage. Clinton has made "remarkable scandal commonplace," says Republican consultant Alex Castellanos. "Now to get in trouble, it wouldn't have to be sex with farm animals but with alien farm animals." Ed Gillespie, an adviser to Ohio Representative John Kasich, chairman of the House Budget Committee and would-be Presi-

VIEWPOINT ■ James Carville

How I'd Throttle the G.O.P.

SO NOW IT'S FINALLY OVER. AFTER FIVE YEARS AND NIGH ON \$50 million of phony, partisan investigations and more than a year of media hysteria and round-the-clock cable coverage, the scandal has finally come to a close. The Senate vote will mark an end to this ugly chapter, and congressional Democrats and Republicans will make peace and begin solving the problems of the next millennium.

Yeah, right. Before everyone goes riding off into the sunset, I'm here to tell you that in the immortal words of Yogi Berra, it ain't over till it's over. And in the not-so-immortal words of James Carville, it'll never be over. I want to see our elected representatives get back to the business of the American people as much as the next guy, but first there are a few scores to settle. Democrats don't just have a chance to win elections by reminding folks what the Republicans have been up to—we have an obligation to do it. Because if certain people aren't held accountable, I can guarantee you that this festering culture of investigation will haunt us for years to come.

The politics of personal destruction that engulfed Washington wasn't an accident. Even before they won control of Congress, the Republicans dreamed up a government by investigation designed to cripple the Clinton Administration and sweep their party back into the White House. In October 1994, Newt Gingrich envisioned a Republican Congress that would have at least 20 task forces and subcommittees investigating the White House. (Hey, give him credit for keeping his word—the G.O.P. Congress eventually featured 31 separate inquiries into the Clinton White House.)

Within two years, the G.O.P. had its investigative machine up and running, and Congressmen like Bob Barr were clamoring for impeachment. Speaker Gingrich told members of his party in June

1996 that the upcoming presidential election would be "all about" the three Cs: "corruption, cronies and cover-up." Unfortunately for Newt, the President was overwhelmingly re-elected.

Undeterred, the Republicans continued their cockamamie inquiries. From Filagate to Travelgate to Chinagate, they spent more time concocting investigations than they did creating policy, a fact that wasn't lost on the American people come election time. And when the President's indefensible liaison with Monica Lewinsky became known to Kenneth Starr, you can just imagine the excitement for the G.O.P.'s scandalmongers. Starr and his minions turned

inappropriate fondling into a constitutional crisis. G.O.P. leaders, confident that their smear strategy had finally succeeded, emerged from their glass houses and surged onto the cable talk shows, bragging about picking up 30 to 40 seats in the House.

Only thing is, it didn't happen. The public expressed itself in 1998 with a resounding cry of "Enough is enough." Yet the G.O.P. once again disregarded the people's will and went traipsing down Impeachment Lane. With this trial, the G.O.P. tried to overturn two elections by ignoring a third. That's three strikes and you're out.

The Republicans have exposed their contempt for the American people. This nasty scandal won't really come to a close until each and every Republican who mounted this six-year war on Bill Clinton has been removed from office—not by sham investigations and phony inquiries but by the ballot box. That's why some friends and I are forming a political action committee to target the right-wingers who didn't listen to the people of their districts during impeachment. We're going to mount a vigorous attack. We'll give money and support to candidates who oppose these smear operators. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. If the people don't rise up one more time and rid Congress of these characters, the next millennium will see no end to the politics of attack and investigation. ■



dent, says, "The public's definition of character has changed. They'd like the President to be an upstanding person. But what they really want to know is, What are your issues? What stand do you take?"

Even so, every potential candidate is rehearsing an answer to the adultery question. "If we could get a caucus of all the candidates to agree to answer, 'None of your damn business,' that would change the world," says a Democratic consultant. "But that won't happen, because the clean guys will want to make the bad guys squirm." And in the G.O.P. it's not just the press they worry about, it's some fellow Republicans, especially those on the Christian right. The Rev. Lou Sheldon, who heads

the Traditional Values Coalition, has said he will ask every candidate whether he or she has committed adultery.

A long-shot candidate like Gary Bauer, former head of the Family Research Council, could keep the personal morality issue in play in the primaries. But Jeff Bell, an adviser to Bauer, says he would hesitate to see adultery become a litmus test for candidates. Among conservative Christians, a blemished past "is not a deal breaker," says Bell. What's important is how the candidate handles his own and others' transgressions. "One thing about Evangelicals," says a close adviser to George W. Bush, "they believe that without sin, redemption is not possible. And for them the issue is redemption."

Republicans are hoping they can profit from Clinton's shortcomings in a subtler way, by playing up questions of character without tying them to particulars of sexual behavior. In a speech in New Hampshire last week, Elizabeth Dole talked about how "the presidency has been tarnished ... words have been devalued, and institutions have squandered respect." Other Republicans are refining the language they will use to accuse Al Gore of passive complicity in the actions that brought Clinton to the brink of removal from office. "If Clinton is Teflon, Gore may be Velcro for a lot of this," says Castellanos. "At some point, he's got to deny Bill Clinton."

Since Ken Starr and the House Repub-

VIEWPOINT ■ Mary Matalin

How I'd Whip the Democrats

AFTER A SOLID YEAR OF SCUM—A SOILED BLUE DRESS, a scheme to buy silence, witness intimidation, and lies, lies, lies—you might think Bill Clinton would be ready to get back to doing his job. But you would be wrong. According to the *New York Times*, our cigar-abusing, bongo-thumping President plans to celebrate the Senate's highly charitable verdict by launching "an all-out offensive to knock off his foes." It's not enough for this self-absorbed wretch to defile the nation's highest office. Now he's dragging his whole party into the muck. And amazingly, Democrats are buying into the Big Creep's definition of victory: three-quarters of the country believe he is untrustworthy and lacking ethical standards, and they're popping corks. Party leaders are united in defense of this man—their guiding principles of moral and legal relativity have been elevated to an art form (one standard for liberal Presidents, another for everyone else). The politics of personal destruction that they invented (with attacks on Robert Bork, Clarence Thomas, et al.) has, on Clinton's behalf, been perfected by pornographers and private eyes.

In short, as the millennium elections approach, Democrats represent the party of degradation, double talk, double standards and political destruction. Buoyed by their odd conception of victory, they are launching Operation Perpetual Impeachment, targeting outspoken presidential critics for political extinction in 2000. For Republicans the temptation to do battle with them—for retribution, validation, vindication—will be enormous. But the G.O.P. needs to resist taking this bait and return to fighting over big issues, not small men.

Republicans can safely resume their rightful role as agenda setters and not worry about the latest cynical Clintonite "war," because the new offensive is doomed. These pathological partisans

must have battle fatigue, because they have devised a strategy based on three grave political miscalculations:

No troops. The voters are reeling. In the immortal words of Richard Douglas Llamas, the Senate impeachment heckler, "Good God Almighty ... get it over with."

No battlefields. The most outspoken Republican targets are from outspokenly Republican districts; they would be strung up had they not pushed for impeachment.

No general. In presidential races issues flow down from the top of the ticket. Is Al Gore really going to wave the bloody impeachment shirt, reminding voters of complicity in this most ethically challenged Administration?

The Republicans' problem is the lack of a coherent, unifying agenda. The G.O.P. was founded on a bedrock philosophy in 1854: maximum individual liberty supported by a protective but not paternalistic government. Policies that flowed from this philosophy—from abolition to antitotalitarianism to rational distribution of wealth—united the party and made America great. These were huge issues. But for the past half-decade we have unified around the smallest imaginable issue: Clinton. Yet it is Clinton who provides the G.O.P. with its best opportunity to regain its bearing. He has set up a classic confrontation by reopening the era of Big Government. His 1999 State of the Union address previewed 81 new tax increases. With breath-taking paternalism and condescension, he wagged his finger at a postspeech pep-rally audience and declared, "I guess we could return the surplus to you and hope you'll spend it right."

This is the stuff of great debate. Polls show that when it comes to taxes, the public now trusts Clinton more than it does the G.O.P.—a sign of how far we have fallen. But the Republican Party is on the right side of history. Let the debate begin.



SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL

D.C.'S BEST GRUDGE MATCH

By ADAM COHEN



SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL is "saddened" his old friend signed an affidavit against him

The firing-on-Fort-Sumter of this little war came when Christopher Hitchens, a lefty Brit who writes for *Vanity Fair* and the *Nation*, signed an affidavit against his old friend Sidney Blumenthal, a presidential aide and former political writer who has worked for the *New Yorker* and the *New Republic*. Hitchens told congressional investigators that Blumenthal, who left journalism two years ago for the White House, had called Monica Lewinsky a "stalker" at a social lunch last March. It could be a big deal if it helps prove Blumenthal lied under oath when he told impeachment investigators he didn't know the source of alleged White House leaks that painted Monica as a "stalker," and that he never talked about her private life. Or it may not contradict his testimony at all. Like his boss, Blumenthal parsed a lot of fine lines under oath. Blumenthal insists he told the truth and says he's "saddened" that his old friend turned on him. Why did Hitchens do it? The vociferous Clinton critic says impeachment is important—so when Congress asked him, he had to talk. Intellectual feuders always argue noble principles are at stake, and this time is no different. Hitchens says it's about standing up to the White House's lies. "They have the power, and they've gotten away with everything from campaign finance to wagging the dog," he says. Blumenthal's camp says it's about friendship, loyalty and something even more sacrosanct to Beltway journalists: the secrecy of gossip off-the-record lunches with sources. With the Clinton saga wrapping up, it's hard to believe much is really at stake. Blumenthal is unlikely to stand trial for perjury; if he does, Hitchens insists he will go to jail rather than testify.

Like pro wrestling, this fight is most interesting for its colorful combatants, and it's hard to know whom to root for. Blumenthal is a tweedy contrarian from the British upper classes, a page of Evelyn Waugh brought to Washington. His Oxonian socialism led him to bash Princess Diana after her death and demonize Mother Teresa in a scathing book. The sharp-elbowed Blumenthal made enemies as a rabidly pro-Clinton journalist, and even more as the Clintons' lofty—some would say supercilious—ambassador to the White House press corps. But the real question is Who's winning? Hitchens took an early lead. His wife Carol Blue (who is—surprise!—a Washington writer) offered an affidavit saying she was also at the lunch and backing her husband's account. And journalist Scott Armstrong signed a pro-Hitchens affidavit. Still, Hitchens is feeling a chill. "The *Nation* magazine," he says "has completely disowned me." And insider Washington is rejiggering its guest lists. "It nauseates me that it's come to who will or will not have me to dinner," sighs Hitchens. Most fun, of course, would be a dinner party with both disputants. Fox could broadcast it live: *Reality TV? Sid & Hitch's Media Grudge Match!*

EAST-COAST INTELLECTUALS, LIKE APALACHIAN mountain folk, are famous for their feuds. When Whittaker Chambers accused Alger Hiss of being a Soviet spy in the 1950s, the political elite chose sides, and some still aren't speaking. After novelist Mary McCarthy called playwright Lillian Hellman a liar—or, more precisely, said, "Every word she writes is a lie, including 'and' and 'the'"—the literary crowd split in two. They're at it again. That rumbling out of Washington is the sound of a new chattering class feud—and unaligned wordsmiths had better head for the hills.



CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS says he had to tell investigators all he knew

licans ended the year more unpopular than Clinton, the G.O.P. also needs to distance itself from its obsession with dislodging the President. Conservative activists maintain that there was no way to sidestep impeachment. "The conservative base would have imploded," says Ralph Reed, onetime head of the Christian Coalition who is now a consultant. "We would have gone into 2000 like a three-legged horse."

Republicans know they need to demonstrate that they can accomplish something in Congress. This is why G.O.P. moderates have finally begun to crawl into the light. That much was evident last week in the challenge to the 10% across-the-board tax cut being promoted by Kasich. It's no surprise that Democrats are calling it a giveaway that betrays Social Security, but Kasich's plan is also being rejected by 11 moderates from his own party. Led by Connecticut's Nancy Johnson, they introduced a package of targeted tax cuts that would cost less than a third of the \$375 billion price of Kasich's proposal.

Rich Galen, who runs GOPAC, the political-action committee organized by Newt Gingrich, thinks it's best for the G.O.P. to content itself with smaller initiatives like that, at least for a while. After a year of impeachment fever, "the party is just starting to chew solid food again, so it's better to take it in small bites," says Galen. But after Monica, the G.O.P. is divided between hard-liners who cannot abide the thought that Clinton got away and moderates who are worried that the "activist base"—the Christian right and other conservatives who will figure strongly in campaign 2000—is leading the G.O.P. to the loss of both the presidency and the House. All predictions are tentative right now, says William Kristol, editor of the conservative *Weekly Standard*, but he wouldn't be surprised to see a G.O.P. divided in that fashion all the way to 2000. "We could have a congressional party where moderates are powerful," he says, "and a presidential party dominated by the activists, where the greatest applause line is to praise Henry Hyde."

Meanwhile, John McCain is trying to get used to the new, uncertain politics. The A&E film about him, the one he went out of his way to promote, is so unflattering in places, especially in telling about his extramarital life, that he called his 12-year-old son afterward to talk him through it. A few days later, McCain was off to New York and California, pursuing his exploratory presidential bid. Right now, when all the rules are suspended, every campaign is exploratory.

—Reported by Jay Branagan and Michael Duffy/Washington

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SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL

VIEWPOINT ■ Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

How History Will Judge Him

Clinton could just coast to a finish now, but to make his mark he has to act boldly

THE REPUBLIC HAS SURVIVED what is perhaps the weirdest episode in our political history. Many of us tuned out before the surreal drama came to its predestined end. Yet the impeachment of Bill Clinton was not a dream; it actually happened, and its reverberations will echo well into the future. The song is over, but the melody—a discordant one in this case—lingers on.

What will historians make of it? Predicting the verdict of generations to come is always risky. But of one outcome we can be reasonably certain. The first thing future textbooks will say about Bill Clinton is that he is the only elected President ever to be impeached. (Andrew Johnson was not elected. Richard Nixon resigned to avoid impeachment.) This simple, singular fact will overpower other things for which Clinton might take credit: half a dozen years of unexampled prosperity; a balanced budget; a capture of the political middle from the Republicans; and persistent efforts to stop the killing in Northern Ireland, the Middle East, Bosnia and Kosovo.

For a President uncommonly sensitive about his place in history, this must be a staggering blow. There are some who fear that Clinton is getting off, as they say, scot-free. Scot-free? He is already a man hopelessly damaged in the eyes of his wife, his daughter, his friends, his supporters and the nation itself, as well as in the judgment of history. However much he may pride himself on supernatural skills as an escape artist, he can never escape the stain of presidential misbehavior and personal betrayal.

His actions may in addition have weakened the office confided to his care. One notes certain parallels with the impeachment 131 years ago of Andrew Johnson. Each President was vulnerable: Johnson because of wretched public actions, Clinton because of wretched private ones. In each case the Senate, after due deliberation, refused to lower the bar to conviction—a bar raised high by the framers in order to confine impeachment to "great and dangerous offenses" and "attempts to subvert the Constitution."

In each case the Senate thereby saved the constitutional separation of powers by declining to make impeachment so easy that, as James Madison had warned at the Constitutional Convention, the presidential term would be "equivalent to a tenure during the pleasure of the Senate."

Yet the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, even though it failed, left a wounded presidency. Congress became, in the words of a promising young political scientist at Johns Hopkins University, "the central and predominant power of the system": Woodrow Wilson went on to call his influential 1885 book *Congressional Government*. Presidential leadership languished in the more than 30 years between Lincoln's assassination in 1865 and the (accidental) accession of Theodore Roosevelt to the White House in 1901. These years of a diminished presidency led James Bryce to write the famous chapter in *The American Commonwealth* (1888) titled "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents."

Could this happen again? Congressional government made little difference when the U.S. was a bit player on the world stage. But the very nature of the problems facing 21st century American Presidents calls for strong executive leadership. One must hope that such leadership will be forthcoming, but it will have to overcome obstacles thrown in its path by post-Watergate legislation and fortified by the Clinton impeachment.

In particular, the impeachment has given new energy to a far-reaching, and largely unnoticed, structural change in the American polity: the institutionalization of the prosecutorial culture. This rests on two laws Congress passed in 1978

in a well-intentioned but misguided effort to immunize the republic against another Watergate.

One is the independent counsel act, the law that permits Kenneth Starr to



The second statute is the Inspector General Act, which gives autonomy to the inspectors general of Executive departments and agencies, enables them to effectively abridge due process in their investigations, and makes them more answerable to Congress than to their nominal superiors. They too do their dirty work without serious accountability.

These two laws were passed with benign intent. The independent counsel act was designed to facilitate the appointment of impartial special prosecutors. The Inspector General Act was designed to protect patriotic whistle-blowers who seek to reveal malversation in government. But what these laws have in fact done is to create a fourth branch of government—powerful, unaccountable and wonderfully designed to make it hard to recruit people for public service and easy to intimidate them once they are serving. A priority for the 106th Congress should be the dismemberment of these institutional manifestations of our prosecutorial culture. Abolishing the fourth branch of government would benefit future Republican as well as Democratic administrations.

publicans detest each other; Republican Governors detest the Republican Congress; Northern Republicans detest the Southernization of the G.O.P.; economic and cultural conservatives are forever at sword's point. Maybe young George Bush will have the Reaganesque leg-
 erdemain to bring them all together, but that won't happen much before 2001.

Faced with an opposition in morose disarray, the relieved President has two choices. He can play it safe or go for broke. Playing it safe means a minimalist program, doing this small thing for one group, that small thing for another, generally following the quasi-Republican line of the Democratic Leadership Council. This course may build a record of minor legislative accomplishment. It is unlikely to make a great impression on future historians.

Clinton must have noticed that when the wolf pack was after him, his D.L.C. pals took to the hills; the D.L.C. chairman, the sanctimonious Senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut, even went to the Senate floor to urge the pack on. Clinton's support, if less for the President than for the presidency, came from liberal Democrats: Senators Harkin, Dodd, Leahy, Kennedy and others in the Democratic wing of the Democratic Party.

This might incline the President toward an attempt to set larger goals for the century ahead. It takes time for bold new ideas to work their way through Congress—and often they are improved in the process. Recall Medicare, for example. It was introduced by President Kennedy in 1961 and, after a long campaign of popular and congressional education, finally passed under President Johnson in 1965.

Let Clinton bring his considerable intelligence to bear on our major national problems and come up with persuasive remedies. Let him try his hand again at extending health coverage. Let him offer a strong national program to improve our schools and combat illiteracy. Let him press on in his search for ways to put Social Security and Medicare on a sound fiscal basis. Even though his initiatives may not achieve the statute books in the remaining months of his term, historians may credit him with establishing the agenda for the future. "Make no little plans," said Daniel Burnham, the great Chicago architect. "They have no magic to stir men's blood."

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. is a historian, writer and former special assistant to President John F. Kennedy.

SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL

Freedom to Talk Dirty

The Lewinsky mess has had a profound effect on conversation—not just what we speak about, but how

By DEBORAH TANNEN

YOU MIGHT THINK THAT IF I GOT into a taxi and the driver began making graphic references to sex acts, I'd jump out at the first stoplight. But when it happened to me earlier this year, I wasn't even alarmed. For one thing, the driver was a woman. For another, the sexual references were parts of jokes she was telling about current events. And lately, I had heard jokes like them in plenty of private conversations—even from my own mother.

The scandal that is now meticulously over has helped introduce a new explicitness into our conversations. But the Lewinsky matter is only the latest in a series of episodes that have made graphic sex talk more common. The onset of the AIDS epidemic brought the clinical-

sounding phrase anal sex into our homes, and the Clarence Thomas hearings gave the imprimatur of the U.S. Senate to dirty talk that would make us wince in mixed conversations. The rape trials of William Kennedy Smith and Mike Tyson accelerated the trend toward frank sex talk, and the rise of Viagra brought to mind graphic images—

featuring Bob Dole. Granted, in the Clinton scandal, 13 months of saturation coverage and prurient detail have conspired to make this episode especially troubling. Yet its enduring legacy may simply be the adding of the term oral sex and its vernacular synonym to the list of once avoided phrases that are now used openly—the continuation of a trend that was well under way and probably inevitable.

Likewise another trend: our growing tendency to talk and think in the bulky, arcane dialect of the law. A doctor I know has noticed, for example, that when she asks a new patient, "Do you have any allergies?" she frequently gets the response, "Not to the best of my knowledge." I suspect this is a

kind of folk formality: people think the legalistic phrasing drapes their talk in a cape of gravity. And in the past year references to "perjury," "suborning of perjury," "lying under oath" and "obstruction of justice" have entered our conversations as if we were all first-year law students.

The pervasiveness of legal concepts these days is coupled with the heaping of scorn on them. Take "legalistic hairsplitting," used to imply that we all know the precise meaning of common phrases like sexual relations. Thus the scandal has brought a

touch of reality to our talk, making us realize how little we actually agree on the meanings of basic words. Not only do some people define "sex" narrowly as "sexual intercourse," but health professionals have long known that Humpty Dumpty spoke for us all when he claimed, "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." A nurse practitioner I know told me of a physician who asked a woman during an office visit whether she was sexually active, and she said she was not. So he was surprised when her pregnancy test came back positive. She explained, "Well, we only do it once a week. That's not very active."

The philosopher John Dewey said, "Democracy begins in conversation." I think he meant that talking

about current events creates the sense of involvement required to make individuals into citizens. But talk about this scandal has had the opposite effect. Reduced to two sides talking past each other, the scandal has polarized without involving. Those who believe the President should have been removed from office repeat the logic that he lied under oath and should not be above the law. Those who disagree repeat an alternative logic: lying about sex is different from lying about affairs of state.

The one point on which both sides seem to agree is that injecting explicit talk about sex into our conversations is evil. But we really don't know that it's a

bad thing. As Washington Post columnist Judy Mann recently noted, the U.S. is unique among developed Western countries in its prudishness about acknowledging sex to children; yet we have the highest rate of teen pregnancy, and our children, on average, become sexually active at younger ages than European children. Mann suggests that our secrecy, by magnifying the allure of the forbidden, tempts our children to explore sex prematurely. If the scandal has forced parents to talk more openly with their children about sex, that may be more beneficial than disastrous.

What is disastrous is the chasm that has opened up between the average person and the three Ps: the politicians, the pundits and the press. This is what ties the scandal most deeply to our private lives; it re-

TO THE BEST OF MY RECOLLECTION

HE CALLED HER AT TWO IN THE MORNING

SHE PUNDED HIM UNDER THE TABLE

HE UNZIPPED HIS ZIPPER WHEN HE SAWED I TAKE TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE I OBJECT



A NEW YORK TIMES ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL LEWIS

Deborah Tannen is a linguistics professor at Georgetown University and the author of *The Argument Culture* (Random House).

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aggression in public discourse.
Many people see the press's obses-
sion with the scandal as attack-dog be-
havior, and resentment over it has helped
turn the term the media into a slur. Using
the legal system to try to destroy a politi-
cian has led to public contempt for
the law. And pitched battles in Washing-

**I OBJECT
AND
CATEGORICALLY...**

ton have convinced many voters that
for politicians the fight's the thing.
That's why many of those
disgusted by the scandal
blame both political parties.
This is what was troubling
me in my conversation with the taxi
driver. She was so disgusted by the
warfare that she no longer tunes
into the news at all—and doesn't
know if she'll bother to vote. Similar
sentiments are peppering daily conver-
sations all over the country. That is the
legacy we have to find ways to repair. ■

Pundits: Out of Gas?

After months of bloviation, the talking heads ponder
what's next. Forced retirement—or more Monica?

ROMESH RATNESAR

WHEN GEORGE WASHINGTON
University law professor Jonathan
Turley was asked by an
MSNBC anchorman last week to
identify the winners and losers
of the past year, there was one
name conspicuously absent from Turley's
list: Jonathan Turley. For of all the pundits
who have achieved talk-show celebrity since
the scandal broke, Turley—a liberal academic
with anti-Clintonian views and a back-
ground in environmental law and constitu-
tional criminal procedure—was the biggest
omission. During one gravity-defying stretch,
he appeared on at least one of the influential
day-morning shows for 10 straight
weeks. He was a guest at various times on no
fewer than 11 other programs. He was to the
front talking heads what David Byrne was to
the other Talking Heads. Which raises a
question: What will Turley and the rest of
the Monicorpers do now?

"You may see us roaming Capitol Hill
trying to find tourists with video cameras,"
Turley says. "There is a fear that many of us
become pundit mercenaries and travel
between countries as impeachment com-
mentators for hire." Wisecracks aside, he
was his 15th minute in high; he must soon
return to the quotidian life of teaching and
writing. "I can find something to occupy my
time," he sighs.

Having shot to the top of the commen-
tariat, Turley and the other upstart im-
peachment specialists may now come tum-
bling down, casualties of the scandal's end.
Just pundits but also entire cable news

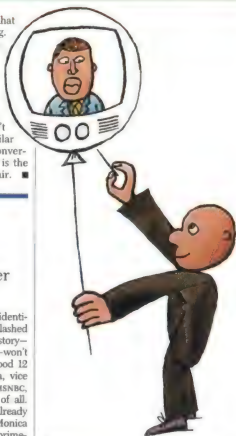
networks would seem to need new identi-
ties. Yet the three networks that lashed
themselves tightest to the mast of this story—
CNN, MSNBC and Fox News Channel—won't
let it go gently. "It's been a very good 12
months for us," says Erik Sorenson, vice
president and general manager of MSNBC,
perhaps the most Monicamania of all.
Sorenson says the network has "already
started drifting away" from its all-Monica
lineup, and viewers have responded: prime-
time ratings are down 20% since December.

Somehow, Social Security reform doesn't
attract the same audience. "This was our
national soap opera," says neoconservative
pundit Laura Ingraham. "It was our *Days of
Our Lives*." So expect to hear more from
people like Geraldo Rivera, host of a nightly
CNN talk show, who bashes Ken Starr the
way he used to bash O.J. Simpson. Rivera
has fed viewers an all-impeachment diet for
months. Asked whether he will ever move
on, he responds, "I have just begun the fight.
I'm going to be talking about this next week.
You have the Linda Tripp grand jury in
Maryland. You have Julie Hiatt Steele. You
have the whole Kathleen Willey situation.
You have the President's possible civil and
criminal liabilities. You have the various in-
vestigations into Ken Starr. You have Webb
Hubbell's tax evasion..." You have the idea.

There's another reason why it's too early
to bid farewell to the Monicorpers. With
three all-news networks slugging it out to
deliver constant, inexpensive infotainment,
talk shows populated by manic commenta-
tors are bound to proliferate. (MSNBC has
started airing a version of NBC's *McLaughlin
Group*—leather-lunged punditry dis-

tilled to its essence—four nights a week.) As
with the O.J. trials, Monica has turned
sometime "expert" analysts into full-time
TV personalities: cybergossip Matt Drudge
got a show on Fox News; flaxen-haired
lawyer Cynthia Alksne now anchors
MSNBC's *Equal Time* next to Oliver North.

In truth, no one ever strays far from the
cameras. "It was relatively difficult to get
into the Rolodexes of producers and book-
ers," says Michael Zeldin, a coveted im-
peachment commentator, "and impossible
to get out." Ingraham, who burst onto the
scene in the mid-'90s as a blond, brash con-
servative in a miniskirt—and who was glee-
fully ubiquitous during the Lewinsky affair—
now hosts *Watch It!*, a snappy MSNBC talk
show. Last Wednesday the network cut
away from the program to broadcast a press
conference given by Senator Tom Harkin;
but within seconds the cameras cut back to
Watch It!'s living-room studio—a triumph
of talking-head blather over real news.
"Haven't we heard enough from Tom Har-
kin?" Ingraham said. Some might say the
same about her. But pundits, not politi-
cians, get their own shows. —With reporting by
Elizabeth Rudolph/New York



SPECIAL REPORT: LEGACY OF A SCANDAL

VIEWPOINT ■ Lance Morrow

Why I'm Still Angry

Forgive? Forget about it! After Clinton's show of contempt, I still want to shake him

AS AN EPIGRAPH TO *THE GREAT GATSBY*, F. Scott Fitzgerald used an oddly charming snatch of verse:

*Then wear the gold hat, if that will
move her;
If you can bounce high, bounce for her
too,
Till she cry "Lover, gold-hatted, high-
bouncing lover,
I must have you!"*

Behold Bill Clinton: still wearing the gold hat, still bouncing high. What do we say about the lover now that he's in midair again, performing his gaudy twirls and flips? What do we say to ourselves as we watch? What do we do with the emotional residue of this business? The great 65%—Clinton's invincible bodyguard—are they happy? Relieved? Or merely exhausted? What do the rest of us do with our anger?

I find that I feel an unwholesome fury. I try to talk myself down from it by thinking a good thought about Clinton—his complexity, his political gifts, his good heart, as I used to believe. It cannot be good for my own heart to harbor these toxins—frustration, a sense of outraged justice, contempt.

Mine is an outrage uncontaminated by ideology. I voted for Clinton in 1992, and basically agree with his instinct for the commonsense center of American politics. I am not a vast right-winger, and I do not hate Arkansas. My contempt wells up from an irrational, nonpolitical source. It reciprocates something that I sense at Clinton's core—what must be an essential contempt for the American people.

Surely such contempt is validated and deepened now when he sees how unfailingly his tricksterism gets him through—a lecherous Bugs Bunny who, at the end of this ghastly cartoon, flourishes a cigar instead of a carrot. (Henry Hyde, having taken over the Elmer Fudd role from Ken Starr, slumps off, looking perplexed.) I tell myself to get beyond this miasma—to think of the future. I will get over it ... but not for a while. I try to think about forgiveness but am brought short by the

knowledge that it requires repentance, and Clinton is congenitally unrepentant. Fish gotta swim; birds gotta fly.

If I stare too long at that 65% in the polls, I feel as if I inhabit someone else's country. Liberal Democrats felt that way in 1984 after the Reagan landslide. How to get over it? Sometimes rage can be appeased by historical perspective.

Maybe not this time. Instructed by Toni Morrison's conceit that Clinton is "our first black President," I compare him to Martin Luther King Jr. King plagiarized parts of his doctoral thesis and was a relentless womanizer. So far, so good. But

King was one of the half dozen greatest Americans; he worked with the nation's fatal realities and died—as he knew he would—to change them. I suspect that if Clinton ever thought his ideas, such as they are, would put him in danger, he would drop them and flee at the speed of light. Clinton has had his moments, but an awful lot of his tenure smacks of a Renaissance Weekend's theater of illusion, sleight-of-hand performed for an audience that is being looked after by someone backstage—Alan Greenspan.

I flee to relief in humor, but it is a bitter, jeering kind. Clinton will remain a laughingstock of e-mail and late-night television unless and until he bombs another pharmacy. That will only turn the humor darker. I try to recapture my old admiration for the man. But why do I sense that sunny, lucky, lip-biting Bill Clinton, with his shoeshine and smile, is not merely a figure of occasional dark possibilities but fairly sinister in his essence? The root of the trouble lies in the intuition that at bottom he is incapable of thinking about anyone but himself. And that he has no honor—none.

He is not an uncomplicated character, and he has fascinating qualities—a genius at political campaigning, for example. (I grapple desperately to recover the better side.) But my fury sees only that his seducer's gift of nuanced empathy makes him a liar worthy of Oscars ("I want you to listen to me, I'm going to say this again ...") and that his every word is coated with Vaseline.

Perhaps I am wrong about all this. Maybe when we return to the ordinary business of the country, he will seem less sinister. Maybe his real service to America lies ahead, and he will save Social Security and fashion a redeeming legacy.

And so we will bump along toward the bogus destination called "closure." The two parties will resume their Balkan comity; Republicans may even learn not to think "liar" every time the President speaks. And after my indignation stops screaming, perhaps I can learn to be civil as well. My fury will burn itself down to coals and ashes. But thanks to Bill Clinton, something in public life seems changed—and something else permanently lost.

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STAR WARS: THE SEQUEL

Hey, what ever happened to arms control? Well, here comes the new Bill Clinton, Star Warrior

By MARK THOMPSON WASHINGTON

BILL CLINTON HAS REPEATEDLY DAZZLED Americans with his 180° transformations. But few have been as startling as the one that emerged largely unheralded from the thick bulk of the fiscal year 2000 budget: Bill Clinton, Star Warrior.

If memory serves, Clinton came to the White House determined to shift U.S. foreign policy from its dependence on weaponry and cold war alliances to the peace-era pursuit of civilian technologies and free trade. He salted his national-security bureaucracy with arms-control advocates who had been frozen out during 12 years of build-'em-up Republican rule. In particular, he promised to slash as much as \$20 billion from Ronald Reagan's beloved missile-defense program, and after he had been in office barely 100 days, the Clinton Pentagon killed the stripped-down Star Wars system, which had been going nowhere for years.

Disregard previous orders. It's back to the future after Clinton this month sent Congress a military budget proposing to pump \$6.6 billion into development of a national missile-defense shield by 2005. Forget that Democrats argued for years that such a system would never work. That was then. Now it's the newest item in their lengthening list of conservative takeovers. Defense hawks have been maddeningly one-upped by Clinton's adoption of a snazzy constellation of space-based sensors and ground-based missiles that would stand guard over all 50 states, poised to destroy a handful of incoming missiles. In time-tested Star Wars practice, the President is expected to

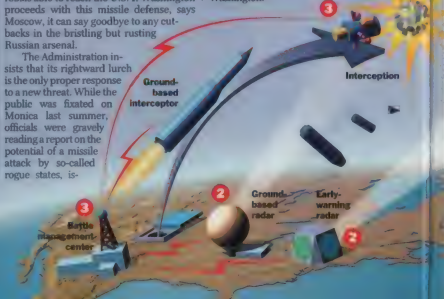
decide in June 2000 whether to deploy the system, even though tests on key components—such as the missile interceptor and the rocket it will ride on—won't be completed until three years after that.

Apparently, in a White House with its eyes firmly fixed on the 2000 election, the idea of co-opting such a Republican hobbyhorse, especially one likely to win congressional approval, was just too delicious. America's weapons manufacturers love the system and its total \$11 billion price tag, and will lobby strongly for it. But in Russia the prospect of another era of costly weapons building, similar to the one that helped bust the former Soviet Union, is driving the leadership wild. Washington's planned system could violate the venerable 1972 Antiballistic Missile Treaty, the bedrock on which all subsequent arms-reduction treaties with Moscow rest. And Russia still possesses a vast stockpile of ICBMs able to reach the U.S. If Washington proceeds with this missile defense, says Moscow, it can say goodbye to any cut-backs in the bristling but rusting Russian arsenal.

The Administration insists that its rightward lurch is the only proper response to a new threat. While the public was fixated on Monica last summer, officials were gravely reading a report on the potential of a missile attack by so-called rogue states, is-

sued by an independent panel headed by Donald Rumsfeld, Defense Secretary under Gerald Ford. It concluded that within five years, ICBMs launched by North Korea and a few other nations might be able to reach U.S. territory. In August, Pyongyang underscored the danger when it fired a Taepo Dong 1 missile that fell into the Pacific after flying over Japan and showed it was nearly capable of reaching Alaska or Hawaii. The Iranians have tested an intermediate-range missile and in several years may have an intercontinental one. There is no hot line to renegade states, the U.S. points out, and their leaders may not be completely rational, which makes traditional deterrence risky.

The threat is so grave, Secretary of Defense William Cohen warned last month, that the U.S. might have to consider junking the ABM treaty if Moscow won't agree to changes that would permit a defensive deployment. Cohen's suggestion plainly angered the Russians, and in a late-January visit, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright did her best to calm them. But Foreign Minister Igor Ivanov wasn't appeased. "We believe that further cuts in strategic offensive weapons," he said, "can be done only if there is a clear vision for preserving and observing the ABM treaty." The Administration's new plans may undercut any hope of winning long-delayed approval in the hostile Russian parliament for START II, the 1993 agreement to cut sharply each nation's nuclear arsenal, to just 3,500 long-range nuclear weapons. Ratification of real reductions is threatened, says Alexei Arbatov, a treaty supporter who is deputy chairman of the Duma defense committee, "not by our reactionary opponents but by our friends and partners in Washington."



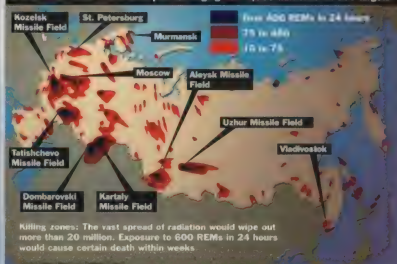
Brent Scowcroft, George Bush's National Security Adviser, thinks it's time for imaginative thinking to rejuvenate the moribund process of eliminating existing missiles and nukes. "We ought to sit down with the Russians and say, 'The cold war is over. Let's look at reducing nuclear weapons again, at the ABM treaty, proliferation, and let's work out something together,'" he says. "Instead, we've said we want to change the ABM treaty, which just deepens their humiliation, because they can't keep up with us."

Republicans are cheering that Star Wars is back. Their efforts got a boost last week when U.S. officials said that China has tripled its missile force near Taiwan. Beijing is alarmed at U.S.-led discussions about building a missile shield in East Asia, a system that could one day help protect countries such as Japan and South Korea. Albright will discuss the buildup when she visits China in early March.

At least one major problem remains. A lot of experts don't believe the missile shield will work. Even if it can be made to thwart incoming ICBMs, they argue, it will be worthless against the low-tech route that nukes or biochemical warheads would be more likely to take. A renegade state could sneak a nuclear bomb into New York City in a truck or the hold of a freighter, or simply lob a Scud-like missile full of lethal germs into Manhattan from 20 miles offshore, neatly passing underneath the shield. Even the Joint Chiefs of Staff "worry more about a suitcase bomb going

DESTROYING RUSSIA

Arms-control advocates map the Pentagon's top-secret plan for waging war: 1,200 warheads hit 800 targets



off in one of our cities," Cohen admits. "Very few countries are going to launch an ICBM, knowing that they are going to face virtual elimination."

If Bill Clinton, arms controller, has any doubts about his sudden metamorphosis into Nuke Skywalker, he may want to recall the last time he made such a bold declaration on missile defense. Before his 1996 re-election, he lambasted a C.O.P. proposal to build "a costly missile-defense system that could be obsolete tomorrow."

He charged that the price tag was too high and the threat too murky. "It would violate the arms-control agreements that we have made, and these agreements make us more secure," he declared. "That is the wrong way to defend America." That may still be true, but the President's amazing about-face has fundamentally trumped the debate. Star Wars: the Sequel has officially opened.

—With reporting by Andrew Meier/Moscow and Douglas Waller/Washington



NATIONAL MISSILE DEFENSE

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VIEWPOINT

Norman Pearlstine

My Dinner with Jiang

China's leader shares his hopes with Time Inc.'s editor-in-chief

MY FIRST MEMORIES OF CHINA GO back almost 50 years. Sitting in front of our 10-in. Philco television, over milk and peanut-butter sandwiches, my closest third-grade friends and I watched, with fascination and terror, the grainy news footage of Chinese soldiers crossing the Yalu River into Korea. It was 1950, the year after Mao Zedong and the communists had taken control of China, exiling General Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist Party to Taiwan. And now they were fighting us.

That fascination and terror would grow in the decade to come as I, and millions of other Americans, grew up reading Henry Luce's *TIME*. It was Luce, born in China to Presbyterian missionaries, whose powerful newsweekly most demonized Mao and, by extension, all of what became known as Red China. Later, in the 1970s, I lived in Hong Kong, where, peering across the border, I had the chance to observe Mao's last days, when the notorious Gang of Four reduced China to chaos and near anarchy. I thought then that Luce was probably right. China was a country that couldn't be trusted, as an ally or as a competitor, and the diplomats who thought otherwise, preferring what we now call "constructive engagement" to containment, were making a mistake.

Those thoughts and emotions came rushing back earlier this month after I flew to Beijing for a remarkable three-hour dinner with Jiang Zemin, China's President and General Secretary of the Communist Party. Driving into the Diaoyutai State Guest House, where Henry Kissinger's secret meetings paved the way for Richard Nixon's trip to China in 1972, I realized how much China and its leadership had changed and how much America had not—how often we still see China through Luce's eyes.

China has done much to liberalize its economy and its society in the years since I lived in Hong Kong. While the garishly lit skyscrapers of Beijing and Shanghai may mask continuing poverty, China has begun to cast off the worst vestiges of com-

munist. On the international front, Beijing has sometimes been helpful, trying to cool tensions between India and Pakistan, keeping North Korean military ambitions in check and usually abstaining (rather than voting no) on U.N. ballots to use force in the Persian Gulf and the Balkans.

Nonetheless, when Americans think of China these days, the themes are often bleak: its crackdowns on dissidents, its harsh and sometimes coercive enforcement of the one-child policy, its continued military posturing against Taiwan, its alleged snooping for information about high tech for its military and its efforts to influence U.S. elections with illegal cam-

from low and deep to high pitched and animated when he gets worked up over an idea or a joke. He is a good listener, leaning back in his chair with a cocked head, leaning forward to respond. His eyes were full of mirth throughout the evening.

His lifelong curiosity about the U.S. was also in evidence. When discussing the equality of mankind, he quoted parts of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. He still remembers the English-language textbooks he used when studying to become an engineer. He recalled fondly his 1997 trip to the New York Stock Exchange, where he rang the opening bell. And, showing his mastery of my biography,

he chided me for not bringing my wife, author Nancy Friday, saying it would have been more interesting to discuss her subjects—envy, jealousy, relationships and sex—than mine—economics and geopolitics.

But beyond the banter, Jiang was ready to respond to America's complaints. He said he understood the value of a free press "so long as the media does not distort the facts." While professing close relations with President Clinton, he expressed frustration with the squabbling over China policy that divides much of Washington. He complained

that America wants to sell China products it doesn't need while restricting sales of some things it wants to buy. "If you sell us high-technology products, we will pay you royalties," he said, but warned that if we refuse to sell such products to China, it will buy them elsewhere or build them itself. "The Chinese are very smart. On our own, we developed the hydrogen and atom bombs. If you refuse to sell us satellites and other new high-tech products, we may be able to develop them by ourselves. And then we won't have to purchase yours."

Jiang's real focus, however, is not on these issues. It is on the domestic economy. He, Premier Zhu Rongji and the leadership around them are worried that without continued high growth, China might revert to the chaos he witnessed



Pearlstine and Jiang covered topics from missiles to magazines

paign contributions. When Bill Clinton first ran for President, he repeatedly called George Bush soft on China. Now, of course, it is the Republicans who say that about Clinton. The danger in this moralistic condemnation of China is that we hurt ourselves while missing the opportunity to help China solve its problems.

My dinner with President Jiang began in a large, formal sitting area with obligatory tea and a brief photo op for the Chinese press. A few minutes later, we adjourned to a more private dining area, where, at his urging, we removed our jackets so we could better enjoy a nine-course dinner (including shark's fin soup, "Assorted Foods in Hot Pot," coconut juice and "Bird's Nest") and more serious drink. Jiang is warm and witty, and he has a wonderful voice that ranges—both in Chinese and in his near fluent English—

during the Cultural Revolution. "It's the economy, stupid!" could just as easily be Jiang's mantra as Clinton's. His prescription—which sometimes strikes me as too much of a contradiction in terms to work—is for a "socialist market economy," in which free markets and free ideas are encouraged until things get boisterous or too messy. Then central planners step in and there are crackdowns on profiteers and dissidents until things settle down.

If China gets the economy right, Jiang believes, everything else will work out. America, he implies, would see a society it can embrace. But he acknowledges that China's problems are huge. Unemployment in the cities is at record levels and is getting worse. Many of the people who do work are employed in inefficient state-owned enterprises, which Jiang and Zhu have vowed to phase out. Jiang realizes that the phase-out has to be handled carefully, since there is no national unemployment insurance or pension system and no money to fund such programs. Already there has been unrest, as worried farmers and workers struggle with the new order.

Chinese planners say they need annual growth of 8% to make progress on their problems, and they acknowledge that growth fell below that level last year. Though there is pressure on China to devalue its currency—a cheaper renminbi would help revitalize exports—Jiang insisted that "the currency will stay stable. At the moment I can still feel confident about this."

While recognizing how much China still needs to accomplish, Jiang, 72, is beginning to think about his legacy and about the leaders who will follow him. In the two decades since the socialist market economy was introduced, "we have embarked on a new era," he said. "Deng Xiaoping taught us that China needs to open its doors and establish economic links with the capitalist, developed world."

China may not always operate in ways that please us, and a three-hour dinner, no matter how candid the conversation, will never answer all one's questions. But it is important that we come to view China as more ally than enemy. The stronger China becomes economically, the better it will be for both our countries. ■



STILL ON DUTY: 6,700 U.S. soldiers patrol Bosnia to enforce the Dayton peace accord

Operation Quagmire?

If the talks fail, NATO bombs. If the talks succeed, 4,000 U.S. troops go to Kosovo. Such is progress

THE PENTAGON HAS ALREADY GIVEN IT A name—Operation Joint Guardian. It would probably begin by sending in the Marines. More than 2,000 leathernecks now on ships floating in the Mediterranean would be the first wave to chopper into Kosovo. They'd be part of a 4,000-strong U.S. presence in a NATO peacekeeping force of 28,000. Red lines are even being drawn on maps. American G.I.s would control a sector of Kosovo. British, French, German and Italian forces would carve up other sectors. But no NATO soldiers will set foot in the province if the Serbs and ethnic Albanians there don't agree to end a yearlong war that has left more than 1,500 dead and 250,000 homeless. And so far, that's a big if.

Negotiators for the two sides have been locked up in a 14th century castle in Rambouillet, southwest of Paris, under orders from European foreign ministers to come up with an autonomy agreement in two weeks for the province's 2 million people, 90% of whom are ethnic Albanians. But after a week of bluster and posturing, almost nothing has been decided. The Serbs refused even to talk about the text of a possible agreement, engaging instead in a series of diplomatic maneuvers that did nothing but kill time. About the only thing

the two delegations could agree on was that they were tired of the castle and wanted to sneak out to Paris for some shopping.

U.S. and European diplomats brokering the talks believe they can negotiate a temporary autonomy that gives ethnic Albanians control over most governmental functions in the province. The biggest hurdle is persuading Serbian leader Slobodan

Milosevic to withdraw all his special police from the province and let NATO soldiers keep order there for three years while Kosovo's final status is negotiated.

Although the Pentagon generals have a name for the troops' deployment, they don't have a lot of enthusiasm for the mission, which could be a quagmire. The 6,700 U.S. soldiers still on peacekeeping duty in Bosnia have so far been almost casualty free because their job has been to separate two identifiable armies. But in Kosovo "there will be a lot more free-lancers," as a defense official puts it. Rogue guerrillas from the Kosovo Liberation Army and undercover Serb security agents may try to sabotage the accord by targeting U.S. troops. Kosovo may yet see peace, but the Marines may pay a price for keeping it.

—By Douglas Waller.
With reporting by Bruce Cransley/Paris and Mark Thompson/Washington



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B U S I N E S S



By KARL TARO GREENFELD

A MUSIC MOGUL SHOULD LOVE this picture: frat boys and their dates at the University of North Dakota dancing on a beer-slick living-room floor to music blaring over a p.a. system. They are, after all, the music business's target demographic—18-to-24-year-olds in touch with the trends, loving the latest tunes. Yet this archetypal collegiate party-scape has turned into a music-biz nightmare. That's because no one is paying for the music.

Jason Zotaley, a 19-year-old pledge, downloaded the dance jams for free over the Internet. Zotaley estimates he has 1,300 songs on his computer, everything from classics by Van Morrison to the latest by the Beastie Boys. And he has never paid for a single song. "I don't know how legal that is," he says with a shrug, but free songs sure are "a good investment." His rap, techno and swing titles go directly from a laptop to the house's deejay booth. These digital music files have replaced compact discs entirely when it's time for the fraternity house to get jiggy.

Millions of teens and twenty-

YOU'VE GOT

Record companies, hearing disaster, are desperate to

some things like Zotaley have joined the digital revolution, downloading music from the Net and skipping that trip to Tower Records, thereby saving the \$16.99 they would have spent on a CD. On college campuses that offer students fast

T-1 connections to the Internet, up to 75% of students are music pirates.

THE REBELS

- **WHO:** College students and some musicians
- **THE GOAL:** Free music from the control of the music biz, using players like MP3

This is a sour note for the \$12 billion-a-year music industry, which is belatedly taking a long, painful look at its endangered business model. The industry is losing millions in revenue to the digital pirates, who use a readily available

(and free, of course) software program called MP3 (Mpeg1 Layer 3) to receive and send music over the Internet. The pirated tunes have sound quality comparable to that of CDs, and can even be channeled through conventional stereo systems. "The Internet has made music so vulnerable," says Record Industry Association of America (RIAA) general counsel Cary Sherman, "[that] if it were left to go unchecked, you would eventually reach a point where the pirate market would supplant the real market."

One problem is that many of the techno-savvy fans lifting tunes online are unaware that what they are doing is illegal. Or they simply don't care. They grew up ripping off the latest Microsoft software; why should the music industry's software be any different? "We are violating laws," admits



T MUSIC!

Keep their wares from being pirated off the Internet

Lukas Hauser, a 22-year-old Web designer who hosted pirate MP3 servers while an undergraduate at Brown University, "but the laws are painfully obsolete."

Perhaps painfully inconvenient might be a better way of putting it. Experts point out that without intellectual property laws, musicians won't get paid for their work. And stealing someone's intellectual property is no different from stealing his bicycle, right? "People just view intellectual property differently," says Dan Lavin, research director for IV Associates, an entertainment-industry consulting firm. "Morality is what the community consensus decides is morality. And they're a tribe of cannibals out there." A typical consumer is American University freshman Jaymin Patel. "I've had MP3s for about two years now," he says. "I first learned about them from a

hacker friend who told me I'd never have to buy a CD again."

Critics say the RIAA and the major labels are intentionally dragging their heels rather than facing the veriginous digital future. Until last week, the RIAA response consisted of hounding sites that offered pirated songs and sending "informative" letters to university administrators. So far, three college students have been expelled and others have been suspended over the issue. The RIAA has also sued, unsuccessfully, hardware makers like Diamond Multimedia, whose stylish portable Rio PMP300 player holds up to an hour of MP3 mu-

sic. "They just look like a bunch of lawyers trying to hold on to age-old or outdated business practices," says Mark Hardy, senior analyst at Forrester Research.

The industry's sales approach could use an update too: no standard, digitally secure format exists to make legal online transactions a convenient if costlier alternative to MP3. Dozens of formats—including Liquid Audio and AT&T's a2b—are jockeying in the digital marketplace. "No one wants the consumer to have five different players on the desktop," says Dick Wingate, vice president of Liquid Audio.

Seeking a solution, the industry last week announced the Madison Project, a consortium of IBM and the major record labels (including Warner Music Group,

which is owned by TIME's parent company) that will be testing a method for secure transfer of music files online. Says Rick Selva, a general manager at IBM. "We think this is the ultimate end-to-end solution."

But the futuristic-sounding Madison Project—relying as it does on the widespread availability of broadband-cable-TV modems that have larger capacities than reg-



ular phone lines—is a few years from becoming anything like a household reality. And the plan still requires consumers to imprint their own CDs at home—just another way of selling CDs, carp the critics. “No matter what they say, they are all focused on preserving the \$16.99 CD price,” says Michael Robertson, CEO of mp3.com, whose site is a major gateway for pirating, although it also offers legitimately “free” music.

Indeed, it is unlikely that any moves by the RIAA or its Secure Digital Music Initiative, a consortium of technology firms and music companies, will be able to stem the growth of MP3, because it is the one format that is already out there and widely popular. “You can’t clean the Web up,” says Mark Mooradian, senior analyst of Jupiter Communications. “MP3 is here to stay. The music industry is already too late.”

MP3 advocates point out that the open-source nature of the format makes it a cheap alternative for performers looking to bypass the major-label system. To them it represents not the pirating of music but the democratization of it. And despite the RIAA’s alarm, there’s nothing inherently illegal about MP3, only about the way it’s used to break copyright law.

Yet MP3’s outlaw flavor may actually be part of its appeal. “MP3’s got kind of a cool, countercultural image,” says Justin Frankel, 20, the developer of Winamp, a popular MP3 player that has been downloaded more than 10 million times. “It’s always going to be what’s used by pirates and what’s used legitimately, because it’s not really designed for copyright controlling.”

That means the music industry’s problems are just beginning. Or, as rapper Chuck D of Public Enemy posted on his website, “The execs, lawyers and accountants ... are now running scared from the technology that events out the creative field and makes artists harder to pimp.”

If there’s a bright side for the industry, it’s that millions of young music fans are already in the habit of getting their music online. And certainly online sales will constitute a huge percentage of the record business of the future—as much as \$4 billion a year by 2002, according to Forrester Research. But for the industry, the trick now is to convert everyone to “pay to play” mode, and in the process wrestle this funky, free distribution system back from the kids who created it.

—With reporting by Michael Krantz/San Francisco, Mark Shuman/Chicago and David Thigpen/New York

Music Without Labels

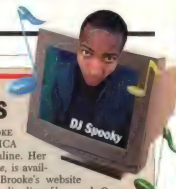
WHEN SINGER-SONGWRITER JONATHA BROOKE was released from her contract with MCA last year, she didn’t fret—she went online. Her engaging new CD, *Jonatha Brooke Live*, is available for mail-order purchase exclusively at Brooke’s website (www.jonathabrooke.com), which also features audio clips of her work. On Feb. 5, when the electronica group Underworld offered a free, full-length MP3 file of a track from its forthcoming CD, its Web page received 400,000 hits in one day—an impressive showing for an only modestly famous musical act. And last year the Artist Formerly Known as Prince, who went through an acrimonious divorce from Warner Bros. Records, released a brilliant, ambitious five-CD boxed set titled *Crystal Ball* and peddled it on his website (for delivery by mail, like Brooke’s CD). According to his spokesperson, the set sold 250,000 copies online (at \$50 apiece), and the Artist says 1998 was his “most profitable year.”

The Internet is changing the way musicians sell their work and, in doing so, broadening the range of music that consumers get to hear. Says Al Teller, former CEO of MCA Music Group who now heads Atomic Pop, a new company that will sell downloadable music on the Web: “What the Web offers is an opportunity for the artist to go directly to the consumer.” Musicians and entrepreneurs are exploring new ways of putting the technology to use. DJ Spooky recently featured his music on a deejay website that encouraged users to remix his work and e-mail the new creations to others; he’s now putting the finishing touches on his own site. The California-based company Liquid Audio offers free downloads of songs by groups like Hole that self-destruct after a few days, teasing listeners to buy the whole CD. In the physical world, because of promotion and production costs, musicians release songs in bunches, and fans often have to wait years between CDs. Online, a number of acts, including rockers Todd Rundgren, hip-hop stars Beastie Boys and the hard-rock band Creed, have been making new material available on their websites one song at a time. Creed’s offering of a downloadable acoustic version of its song *My Own Prison* is free; the band’s compensation comes in the form of publicity and increased fan loyalty.

John Perry Barlow, a former lyricist for the Grateful Dead and co-founder of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, says the music industry is entering a new era. He sees the 20th century as a time when music was stuffed into containers—LPs, eight-track tapes, CDs. Now that musicians can reach fans directly, there’s no need for “container makers,” i.e., record labels. “Record companies are in a death struggle with the Web,” says Barlow. “They’re using techniques that have been used in the war on drugs—zero tolerance, ramping up education and enforcement and trying to use the law to preserve something that is no longer supported by public practice.”

Barlow argues that the copying and sharing of songs on the Web will be a boon to musicians. He cites the fact that the Grateful Dead used to allow fans to tape its live shows and became one of the most popular acts in rock.

But Brooke has this worry: “There’s a danger to making things so accessible that you devalue your own work.” The challenge for musicians will be to stay both Web friendly and in control of their music. —By Christopher John Farley



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WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ZYBAN

The most common side effects with ZYBAN include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. Although uncommon, there is a risk of seizure associated with ZYBAN. (See "Important Warning" section in Information for the

Patient on following page.) So it is important to talk to your healthcare professional to see whether ZYBAN is right for you. You should not take ZYBAN if you have a seizure disorder; are already taking WELLBUTRIN®, WELLBUTRIN SR®, or any other medicines that contain bupropion HCl; have or have had an eating disorder; or are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor. It is important to let your healthcare professional know about any other prescription or over-the-counter medications you are taking. ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding.

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Information for the Patient
ZYBAN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets

Please read this information before you start taking ZYBAN. Also read this leaflet each time you renew your prescription, in case anything has changed. This information is not intended to take the place of discussions between you and your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss ZYBAN as part of your plan to stop smoking. Your doctor has prescribed ZYBAN for your use only. Do not let anyone else use your ZYBAN.

IMPORTANT WARNING:

There is a chance that approximately 1 out of every 1000 people taking bupropion hydrochloride, the active ingredient in ZYBAN, will have a seizure. The chance of this happening increases if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy);
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa);
- take more than the recommended amount of ZYBAN; or
- take other medicines with the same active ingredient that is in ZYBAN, such as WELLBUTRIN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Tablets and WELLBUTRIN SR® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets. (Both of these medicines are used to treat depression.)

You can reduce the chance of experiencing a seizure by following your doctor's directions on how to take ZYBAN. You should also discuss with your doctor whether ZYBAN is right for you.

1. What is ZYBAN?

ZYBAN is a prescription medicine to help people quit smoking. Studies have shown that more than one third of people quit smoking for at least 1 month while taking ZYBAN and participating in a patient support program. For many patients, ZYBAN reduces withdrawal symptoms and the urge to smoke. ZYBAN should be used with a patient support program. It is important to participate in the behavioral program, counseling, or other support program your health care professional recommends.

2. Who should not take ZYBAN?

- You should not take ZYBAN if you:
- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy);
 - are already taking WELLBUTRIN, WELLBUTRIN SR, or any other medicines that contain bupropion hydrochloride;
 - have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa);
 - are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI);
 - are allergic to bupropion.

3. Are there special concerns for women?

ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding. Women should notify their doctor if they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant while taking ZYBAN.

4. How should I take ZYBAN?

- You should take ZYBAN as directed by your doctor. The usual recommended dosing is to take one 150-mg tablet in the morning for the first 3 days. On the fourth day, begin taking one 150-mg tablet in the morning and one 150-mg tablet in the early evening. Doses should be taken at least 8 hours apart.
- **Never take an "extra" dose of ZYBAN.** If you forget to take a dose, do not take an extra tablet to "catch up" for the dose you forgot. Wait and take your next tablet at the regular time. Do not take more tablets than your doctor prescribed. This is important so you do not increase your chance of having a seizure.
- It is important to swallow ZYBAN Tablets whole. Do not chew, divide, or crush tablets.

5. How long should I take ZYBAN?

Most people should take ZYBAN for 7 to 12 weeks. Follow your doctor's instructions.

6. When should I stop smoking?

It takes about 1 week for ZYBAN to reach the right levels in your body to be effective. So, to maximize your chance of quitting, you should not stop smoking until you have been taking ZYBAN for 1 week. You should set a date to stop smoking during the second

week you're taking ZYBAN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets.

7. Can I smoke while taking ZYBAN?

It is not physically dangerous to smoke and use ZYBAN at the same time. However, continuing to smoke after the date you set to stop smoking will seriously reduce your chance of breaking your smoking habit.

8. Can ZYBAN be used at the same time as nicotine patches?

Yes, ZYBAN and nicotine patches can be used at the same time but should only be used together under the supervision of your doctor. Using ZYBAN and nicotine patches together may raise your blood pressure. Your doctor will probably want to check your blood pressure regularly to make sure that it stays within acceptable levels.

DO NOT SMOKE AT ANY TIME if you are using a nicotine patch or any other nicotine product along with ZYBAN. It is possible to get too much nicotine and have serious side effects.

9. What are possible side effects of ZYBAN?

- Like all medicines, ZYBAN may cause side effects.
- The most common side effects include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. These side effects are generally mild and often disappear after a few weeks. If you have difficulty sleeping, avoid taking your medicine too close to bedtime.
 - The most common side effects that caused people to stop taking ZYBAN during clinical studies were shakiness and skin rash.
 - Contact your doctor or health care professional if you have a rash or other troublesome side effects.
 - Use caution before driving a car or operating complex, hazardous machinery until you know if ZYBAN affects your ability to perform these tasks.

10. Can I drink alcohol while I am taking ZYBAN?

It is best to not drink alcohol at all or to drink very little while taking ZYBAN. If you drink a lot of alcohol and suddenly stop, you may increase your chance of having a seizure. Therefore, it is important to discuss your use of alcohol with your doctor before you begin taking ZYBAN.

11. Will ZYBAN affect other medicines I am taking?

ZYBAN may affect other medicines you're taking. It is important not to take medicines that may increase the chance for you to have a seizure. Therefore, you should make sure that your doctor knows about all medicines—prescription or over-the-counter—you are taking or plan to take.

12. Do ZYBAN Tablets have a characteristic odor?

ZYBAN Tablets may have a characteristic odor. If present, this odor is normal.

13. How should I store ZYBAN?

- Store ZYBAN at room temperature, out of direct sunlight.
- Keep ZYBAN in a tightly closed container.
- Keep ZYBAN out of the reach of children.

This summary provides important information about ZYBAN. This summary cannot replace the more detailed information that you need from your doctor. If you have any questions or concerns about either ZYBAN or smoking cessation, talk to your doctor or other health care professional.

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U.S. Patent Nos. 5,427,798 and 5,358,970



Motor City Air Raid

Newcomer Pro Air thrives as Northwest stumbles. Are discount airlines ripe for a comeback?

By NICHOLE CHRISTIAN DETROIT

MOST MEN HAVE IT: THE FANTASY OF one day sitting behind the wheel of an expensive sports car or climbing into the cockpit of a jet. Many outgrow the urge, but Kevin Stamper went out and bought a brand-new Boeing 737 and then, for the fun of it, launched Pro Air, his very own little airline.

And Pro Air is turning out to be a lot more than a grown man's toy. For every stumble that giant Northwest has made at its fortress hub at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport, two-year-old Pro Air has been there waiting to gobble up another dissatisfied customer. This year Pro Air, which now has four 737s, could quadruple its revenue passenger-miles, the industry's standard volume measure, to 600 million miles, from 150 million in 1998. On a recent morning, Stamper gushed like a new father as he watched dozens of passengers milling about Pro Air's hub, the motley but closer-to-downtown Detroit City Airport.

These days, the airport is filled with Detroiters who are defecting to Pro Air because of walk-up fares that are as much as 85% cheaper than Northwest's. For instance, an unreserved seat to Indianapolis, Ind., cost \$578 round trip before Pro Air came to town with its deal of \$138. Northwest was forced to match. Also aiding Pro Air's cause are hassle-free fares—no advance booking or Saturday-night stays required—to New York City; Philadelphia; Chicago; Baltimore, Md.; Orlando, Fla.; At-

lanta; and Indianapolis. "We're on the edge of a revolution out here," boasts Stamper, 50, a former aviation lawyer. "All over the country, people are fed up with getting on planes and finding out that the person next to them paid one-tenth of what they paid."

Indeed, last week was full of flying ferment. At American Airlines, pilots and management resumed their long-running hatefest, with the former staging a sick-out that stranded hundreds of thousands of passengers. In Washington, complaints about airline service—crowding, high prices, late flights—are stacking up so fast that Democratic Senator Ron Wyden of Oregon and Republican Senator John McCain of Arizona introduced legislation for a passenger bill of rights.

Pro Air may be the first of a new wave of discount airlines essentially created by the megacarriers, which have jacked up business fares 35% in the past three years. Such increases explain why Pro Air was able to sign corporate titans DaimlerChrysler and General Motors to five-year deals, providing unlimited flights at a flat rate. Waiting to take wing are 20 new airline companies that are applying to the Federal Avia-

AIR HEIR: Founder Stamper, son of a Boeing exec, is tapping into a frustrated-travelers' revolt

tion Administration and the Department of Transportation for certification.

Certainly, discount airlines have taken to the skies before, only to be blown away like so many ducks by the megacarriers, which quickly matched their fares and added seats on competing routes. Yet the megacarriers are severely testing customer loyalty. Northwest, which controls about 62% of the passenger traffic out of Detroit, has a monopoly on local resentment due to high fares, a pilots' strike this summer and, most recently, January's snowstorm fiasco, in which, because of overcrowded gates, thousands of arriving travelers were trapped on the runway for up to eight hours without food or working toilets.

Despite Pro Air's quick start, launching a discount airline is still a crapshoot. Since ValuJet Flight 592 plunged into the Everglades in 1996, consumers have equated low price with low quality. That's one reason Stamper bought new jets rather than going the cheaper route of purchasing older planes. But even new jets are vulnerable to fierce battles that the megacarriers can wage to stave off pesky start-ups. "Pro Air can take the approach of David and make us Goliath if they'd like," notes Marta Laughlin, a Northwest spokeswoman. "But the reality is, we're going to compete against them the same way we compete against the Deltas of the world."

Stamper relishes such tough talk. At 19, he was already a pilot. By his mid-20s, he was sharp enough to hold his own in dinner-table debates with his father, then a Boeing vice chairman. A day in the Stamper household might bring aviation honchos to the dinner table or even an irate call or two from powerful customers like Aristotle Onassis. Stamper says his seven-day, 126-hour workweeks will soon contribute to Pro Air's first quarterly profit and push the company further in its three-year plan to expand its fleet of 737s to nearly two dozen. Another of Stamper's ambitions: offer local investors a chance to own a \$30 million stake in his scrappy start-up.

He will need the money. Northwest is likely to sharpen both its image and its pricing. "It's one thing to offer low prices in a city where prices are already unusually high," he says. "But we have to show passengers that we're 10%, 20% better in everything we do." Given the current mood of the flying public, that shouldn't be too difficult. ■





IN THE SHADOWS Cindy (not her real name) has cut off contact with a child of rape

adoptees the unfettered right to see their birth certificate when they turn 21. Today those papers are sealed. But since the biological mother's name appears on a birth certificate, the law would mean adoptees like Cindy's daughter could easily find Mom's real name—and perhaps track her down. A group of birth mothers has sued Oregon, arguing that state statutes promise them confidentiality and that breaking these promises would be unconstitutional. The measure is on hold while the suit is pending.

More than an hour south of Portland's suburbs, where Cindy has kids in school, lives another woman, Mary Inselman. Mary is angry about adoption law, but for another reason entirely. She turned 77 in December, and has never seen her birth certificate. While everyone else can see such a document without fuss, adoptees must petition a court for their records, and petitions cost

money (Inselman is on a fixed income) and, more important, dignity.

Inselman, who says she didn't learn she was adopted until a relative told her just six years ago, feels she should be able to discover her true background, but she has a more urgent reason to seek her records. She needs to find out whether any of her biological relatives has a kidney that would be suitable for her granddaughter, who is need of a donor. Inselman has sent letters to a local judge explaining all this, but the judge has thus far refused to release the information, offering a polite recitation of the law. Other judges across the U.S. routinely overlook the law in such cases.

Adoptees cite this capriciousness as a reason for opening all records.

Two women, Cindy and Mary; two lives in turmoil because of adoption laws written in another era. Before the late '60s, states thought they were doing birth mothers a favor by confining their identities to dusty registrars' books. At the time, only "bad" girls got pregnant out of wedlock, and they were clois-

By JOHN CLOUD PORTLAND

CINDY IS SHAKING WITH FEAR. SHE tugs at her gold necklace, shifts in her seat, slams down cup after cup of black coffee. She gets this way when she has to tell a stranger why she can't sleep at night, why she and her husband have been fighting, why she can't choke down even half her meal when she goes to a nice restaurant. Two decades ago, when Cindy (a pseudonym) was in college, a man beat and raped her. Devastated and uncertain, she had the baby but surrendered the girl for adoption.

Last summer, after soul-searching, Cindy decided to find out what had become of her child. She gave the state where the girl was born permission to contact her if the daughter asked her whereabouts. The daughter already had, and the two began exchanging letters through the adoption agency. But Cindy held back her identity and location.

A wise move, she now says. After Cindy told her daughter about the rape, the young woman wrote, in her swirly cursive, an oddly jovial response, "Hi, how's

everything going?" She said she was glad to learn "about my father's situation"—the only reference to the rape—and wanted to know how to find him. Cindy was horrified. Her daughter obviously hadn't grasped her pain, the nightmares—her whole life. The daughter, with the help of her adoptive mother, persisted in trying to find her father, a man Cindy had helped send to prison. Fearing he might find her and harm her again, Cindy terminated contact.

Cindy now lives in Oregon, where voters last fall approved a two-sentence initiative called Measure 58. If it goes into effect, it will radically change traditional adoption law by allowing

Oregon's Measure 58
Would allow adopted children to see their birth certificate at age 21

■ **PRO** Adoptees have the right to know. "We are haunted by questions"

■ **CON** Birth mothers say they were promised confidentiality; some still want it

Where There's Smoke ...

The siege of Big Tobacco and a Brooklyn verdict provide a strategy to take aim at gun manufacturers

By ADAM COHEN

tered with fake names until they gave birth. Today, of course, that attitude seems quaintly outmoded. What's more, we have become sensitized to the rights of adoptees, who as they grow up want to know what everyone else already knows: who they are. "We are besieged by ghosts," says Helen Hill, a sculptor, sheep farmer and newborn political impresario, who wrote Oregon's Measure 58 in her basement and has spent part of her inheritance getting it approved. "We are haunted by questions."

Several states have tried to devise workable new laws to help answer those questions without treading on the rights of mothers. It's a tricky legislative game. In 1996, for instance, Tennessee legislators gave adoptees—except those who were the product of rape or incest—access to their birth certificate while also allowing biological mothers to tell the state they never want contact with their kids. As in Oregon, birth mothers have sued to overturn that law, saying they were promised nothing short of lifelong confidentiality (and wondering why, if adoptees can be prevented from contacting their mothers, they would have any use for the name alone). Just last month Delaware lawmakers said the state would give adoptees their birth certificate unless the birth mother explicitly asked to remain anonymous. Yet the moms have only 60 days to file such a request, and the state isn't planning to hunt them down to ensure that they know they can.

Predictably, the politics of adoption-law change gets very nasty very quickly. Conservative advocates of confidentiality warn that pregnant women faced with the prospect of having their records eventually opened will be more likely to choose abortion over adoption. While most adoption groups support some kind of compromise plan, the National Council for Adoption, a buttoned-up Washington coalition of agencies that arrange confidential adoptions, would require that extraordinary measures be taken by the state to find, counsel and get consent from birth parents before adoptees could even learn their names—to say nothing of meeting them. At the other extreme is the Internet-based Bastard Nation, which wants no exception whatsoever to open records and arouses activists' ire on its irreverent *bastards.org* website ("Rush for Our Records!" the site proclaims).

With such delicate positions to navigate, it's not surprising that the initiative process, which encourages simplistic laws like Oregon's Measure 58, has not provided a solution. It will take more careful legislation to let adoptees feel whole, even as the few Cindys of the nation feel safe. ■

UNTIL LAST WEEK, STEVEN FOX WAS just another gun-violence victim with a depressingly familiar story. He was a high school freshman hanging out on a New York City street corner when a friend's pistol went off, sending a bullet into Fox's head. What sets Fox apart is that he went on to testify—with the bullet still lodged in his brain—in a landmark lawsuit against gunmakers. Last week a Brooklyn jury handed Fox a \$500,000 award that has hit the gun industry with the force of a rec-9 assault weapon. In a decision that could put gunmakers in the same kind of legal jeopardy as Big Tobacco, the jury found 15 companies engaged in "negligent distribution" of guns and ordered three to pay Fox for his injuries. Critics say the suit will open the floodgates to similar suits across the U.S.

The Brooklyn case was built on an innovative theory. It argued that gunmakers should pay for injuries from illegally obtained guns because their distribution practices let guns fall into the hands of criminals. The suit exposed a netherworld of gun trafficking, including the "straw buyers," who resell guns to minors and convicted felons, and the "iron pipeline" of illegal guns that flows from states with lax gun laws, like Georgia, to states with tough ones, like New York.

But the industry was also declaring victory. Of the 25 gunmakers sued, 10 were cleared. And

the jury awarded nothing to six other plaintiffs, all of them relatives of people killed by guns. "It's a defense verdict," insists Anne Kimball, a lawyer for three of the gunmakers. "For them to have labored for four years and to have no damages in six of the seven cases and only \$500,000 in the seventh is not a plaintiffs' win." The defendants have asked the trial judge to set aside the verdict. Failing that, they say, they'll win on appeal. The gun industry insists the jury got it wrong. "What we're talking about here are criminal acts, illegal sales and murders done with

guns," says Kimball. Criminals bear the blame, she says, not gunmakers.

How much litigation is likely to result from the verdict? Chicago, New Orleans, Atlanta and Miami have already filed suits against gunmakers, seeking compensation for medical and law-enforcement costs due to gun violence. And Philadelphia, Boston and Los Angeles are considering jumping in. But the gun lobby has begun fighting back. Georgia's legislature passed a bill last week to block Atlanta's lawsuit, and Louisiana Governor Mike Foster is backing a similar law to stop New Orleans'. But the gun lobby may not have the muscle to get such laws passed in other states. In fact, states may also start to sue, as they did against the tobacco companies.

And after the Brooklyn verdict, individual gun victims have more reason than ever to file claims.

Some legal experts say the case could push the industry into a collective settlement like the tobacco industry's. Gunmakers could be forced to pay for past harm and alter their marketing practices to win immunity from future suits. It would be a major defeat for the industry. But if a few more courts follow the Brooklyn verdict, victims of gun violence may be going into court with all the firepower. ■

A WARNING SHOT

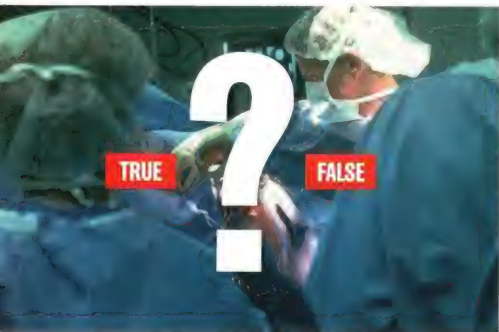


Gun companies found liable and negligent in one or more shootings:

- American Arms Inc.
- Arcadia Machine & Tool Inc.
- Beretta USA Corp.
- Bryco Arms
- Colt's Manufacturing Co.
- Glock Inc.
- Phoenix Arms Inc.
- Sigarms Inc.
- Taurus International Manufacturing Inc.

STEVEN FOX was awarded \$500,000 for injuries suffered in a shooting





Real Knife, Fake Surgery

Sham operations—in which the patient is cut open and sewed up—are the latest medical controversy

By **DICK THOMPSON** WASHINGTON

GEOERGE DOESCHNER HAD BEEN SUFFERING from Parkinson's disease for 12 years when his physician told him about an experimental surgery that might offer a cure. Researchers at the University of Colorado were taking cells from embryos and putting them in the brains of Parkinson's patients to replace cells killed by the disease. The 55-year-old electrician applied to be a part of the experiment and flew to Denver. He was prepped for surgery and sedated. A hole was drilled through his skull. Then his surgeons sewed him up and sent him home—without giving him those embryonic cells.

Surgical error? Medicare fraud? No, a deliberate sham. Bizarre as it may seem, fake surgeries—otherwise known as placebo-controlled surgical trials—are entering mainstream medical research. The first of these trials wrapped up last week, and others are under way. "This is just the beginning," says Warren Olanow, chair of neurology at Mount Sinai Hospital. "Tomorrow if you have a [new] procedure, you will have to do a double-blind placebo trial."

Double-blind placebo trials, of course, are standard procedure for drug developers, who know from long experience that 1 out of 3 test subjects feel better with only a sugar pill. Scientists sidestep the placebo

effect in drug trials by dividing patients into two groups—giving one the real drug and the other a fake.

It turns out that the placebo effect is especially powerful in Parkinson's disease. That's why Curt Freed at the University of Colorado and Stanley Fahn at Columbia University decided to create a control group whose members could be fooled into thinking they were getting the full surgical treatment. "When you have something as major as surgery," says Fahn, in defense of his experiment, "wouldn't it be best to know there was some benefit?"

The National Institutes of Health agreed. Indeed, the NIH believes so strongly in the value of placebo surgeries that it has begun rejecting experiments from university researchers that do not employ them. Today placebo trials are being mounted for a variety of procedures, from knee surgery to the treatment of pain in cancer.

Critics of these trials—and there are many—complain that they violate the first principle of medicine: do no harm. Surgery, even sham surgery, is never risk-free. Doeschner says his doctors told him that he might get the short end of the double-blind stick and warned him before asking

for his consent that even a fake operation could leave him "a vegetable."

"Consent is irrelevant," objects Arthur Caplan, director of the bioethics center at the University of Pennsylvania. "When you're dealing with desperate illness, people will consent to anything."

That's true, but some research administrators have concluded that the scientific knowledge that may be gained justifies the risk. They find reassurance in the fact that the dangers have been reduced by advances in minimally invasive surgery. But they are also feeling pressure from HMOs that want proof

that a new type of surgery works before approving it.

The biggest factor driving these experiments, however, may be that the easy questions—do patients survive or die with a new therapy?—have already been answered. Increasingly, scientists are looking for more subtle, and often more subjective benefits. Is there less pain? Is it easier to walk? These outcomes can be strongly influenced by wishful thinking.

Sorting the real benefits from the fake seemed a worthy goal to patient Doeschner. "I wanted to do something that would help everybody who has Parkinson's," he says. Besides, once the experiment was over, he came back for another operation. This time he got the real thing.

IN BRIEF

BABY WORLDS:

Birth announcements are in order. Last week NASA released snapshots of what astronomers believe are stars in the process of giving birth to new planets 450 light-years from Earth. This picture, taken edge on, shows a dark dust band circling a bright young star in the constellation Taurus, a dust band that may be swirling down under its own gravitational force to create infant worlds not unlike our own planet. The gestation period? Millions and millions of years.

I Want My HDTV!

Report from the frontiers of digital entertainment

By CHRIS O'MALLEY

LONG BEFORE HE WAS MY GRANDFATHER, Grandpa splurged on an expensive piece of new technology called a television because his beloved Detroit Tigers made the World Series. My not-so-beloved Dolphins didn't make the Super Bowl this year, so I didn't follow suit and buy a pricey high-definition television (HDTV) set. But I borrowed one for my Super Bowl party to preview my generation's TV transition. The early verdict: a helluva TV, but not much HD.

One does not tread lightly into HDTV, just handing over the credit card for a TV that costs \$5,499—the price of my Panasonic 56-in. projection set—takes some effort. A set-top box that can tune in the new digital signals adds an extra \$1,499.

Making room for this monument to television is no small matter either. The corner of our living room, which my wife had reserved for a baby grand (insert your own marital discord here), was cleared for the HDTV's landing, which required three men and a truck with a hydraulic lift.

With the thing in place only three days before the big game, I went to work trying

FOLLOW-UP

Is Cancer Cured Yet?

Printing "cancer cure" on the front page of a major newspaper is like shouting "fire" in a crowded theater, as the *New York Times* found to its dismay last spring. The treatment in question, a combination of two drugs called angiostatin and endostatin, works only in mice so far, and while the newspaper noted that lots of medicines fail to make the leap from rodents to humans, the caveats were easily overlooked. Shares in Entremed, the small company developing the drugs, shot up 30% literally overnight.

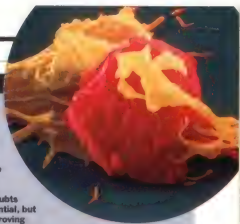
But now the caveats are coming home to roost. Bristol-Meyers Squibb, Entremed's partner in angiostatin, said last week

that it was dropping its work on the drug—not, the company emphasized, because of doubts about its potential, but because it's proving difficult to make enough of the stuff to test on humans.

That was enough to scare off investors. Entremed shares dropped nearly 50% at the news last Tuesday, even though the company is still planning human tests later this year—and even though Bristol-Meyers Squibb has retained the right to market angiostatin if it works out. The sell-off didn't last either: the stock rebounded, jumping more than 60% on

Thursday, after the National Cancer Institute, which had been unable to replicate endostatin's effect even in mice, finally managed to do it.

So rodents, at least, can feel reassured. But will the compounds end up curing cancer in humans? The bottom line is precisely where it was last year: maybe yes, maybe no. Until the drugs are fully tested, there's no way to tell. —By Michael D. Lamonick



to get a high-definition signal. I got none. No Miami stations have started broadcasting in HD yet and the cable-TV industry hasn't even settled on a standard. My satellite dish wasn't any help, either. DirecTV shows one channel of HDTV, but nobody sells a decoder that can tune it in. Aaargh!

Confused? It helps if you're old enough to remember the early days of color TV. Buying a color set didn't instantly colorize all your favorite programs. That took years. Likewise, there are very few programs being broadcast in true HDTV—even in the 26 cities that already have digital TV.

As it turned out, my digital dilemma was moot. Fox chose not to broadcast the game in HDTV after all. Apparently the network is waiting for a bigger event, like a live Mars landing or the final episode of *The Simpsons*.

Super Sunday scored big with my friends and neighbors anyway. Even without HDTV, the gridiron never looked better—thanks to the jumbo screen and a hidden upgrade that effectively doubles the standard analog screen resolution. The casual consensus: the best TV picture they had ever seen.

Films recorded on digital videocassettes look even better. Many of the hundreds of movies available on DVD are encoded with the boxy TV version on one side and the original theatrical wide version on the other. So a wide-screen set that's ready for HDTV is also ready for DVD. A Samsung DVD player plugged into my Panasonic HDTV played the train wreck in *The Fugitive* gloriously across the full wide screen.

Even DVD pales beside real HDTV, however, as I learned when I finally drove to Miami last week to see it demonstrated in all its vivid, eye-popping detail at an electronics store. Too late for the Super Bowl, but hey, there's always next year. ■





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man's desire remains steadfast.

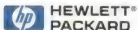
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FOR THE PLANET | DESIGN

WILLIAM McDONOUGH

The Man Who Wants Buildings to Love Kids

By ROGER ROSENBLATT SAN BRUNO

WHEN ARCHITECTURAL FIRMS BEGAN TO COMPETE for the Gap Inc. office complex in San Bruno, Calif., William McDonough saw it as a competition of ideas rather than for a contract. "Our idea," he says, "was that if a bird flew over the building, it would not know that anything had changed." If that sounds like pure eco-nut talk (I almost resist noting that McDonough is for the birds), try the question he puts to potential clients when he undertakes any of his architectural projects: "I ask, 'How do we love all children, all species, all time?'"

Upon hearing him say that, one is tempted to go for a pistol, but after a day of McDonough's instruction in much more than architecture, one sees that his utopianism is grounded in a unified philosophy that—in demonstrable and practical ways—is changing the design of the world. McDonough empathizes with birds because he's a rare one himself, a visionary—half green, half pink—who talks like a communist, thinks like a plutocrat and acts like an ecologist. Indeed, the three points of his abstractly designed universe (he is given to drawing incomprehensible diagrams on any available surface) reflect that people who used to be impelled to make things by the old impulses of social and economic interests now must add the environment. "But not as an aim," he cautions, not as an extreme. "What we're trying to do is balance ecology, equity and economy."

The Gap campus, which William McDonough+Partners completed in 1997, is an anomaly of a building that looks more beautiful in life than it does in photos, and seems to expand its beauty from the inside out. The inside is essentially the outside, so when one is there, one is also somewhere else. The "facts" of the structure read like an essay on "What I Did for the Environment Last Summer": the roofs are planted with native grasses and wildflowers atop 6 in. of soil that both fools the birds and serves as a thermal and acoustical insulator. San Bruno is a stone's throw from San Francisco's airport, yet planes flying low overhead create barely a buzz.

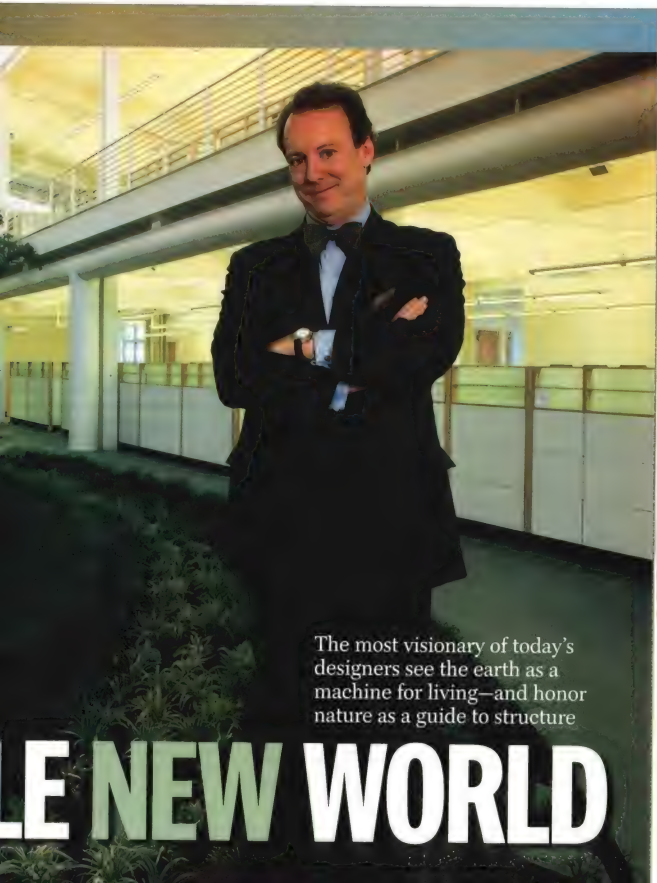
The complex's wood floors and veneer were harvested from sustainable forests. Not a single California live oak was cut down during construction, and a stand of the ancient trees rises in a dark elegance just beyond a piazza. Huge atriums carry daylight deep into the building, paints and adhesives are low toxicity, the place is 30% more energy efficient than state law requires, and so on.

But the special power of the structure is its palpable connection to the people who work there. On the day that McDonough and I visit, 600 employees go about their tasks, yet the building feels empty. The windows bring people to the sky. "When it's a nice day," says McDonough, "why feel as if you've missed it?" Stand in practically any spot, and one can see the greenery of the outside trees, the grassy lower roof or the grasses growing in one of the two interior courtyards. Light is everywhere. It fills the vast open hallways that seem to stretch on forever under ceilings 15 ft. high. McDonough says, "People have lofty thoughts in lofty places."

GREAT INDOORS
Staying in at the Gap building is like going out. "When it's a nice day," says McDonough, "why feel as if you've missed it?"



A WHOLE



The most visionary of today's
designers see the earth as a
machine for living—and honor
nature as a guide to structure

LE NEW WORLD

The McDonough Gallery



MILDER GEL

Partner Braungart made the formula safe for us—and the environment



SUSTAINABLE SNEAKER

On the way: athletic retreats. Nike has hired McDonough to help design a sneaker that could be returned to the company for recycling of all materials into new shoes

FITTER FABRIC

This DesignTex line is made with natural, biodegradable materials and nontoxic dyes

SMARTER COLLEGE

The environmental-studies center being built at Oberlin will use sunlight to produce more energy than it consumes. A "living machine" designed by John Todd will utilize plants, fish, snails and microbes to purify wastewater for recycling



A walking college lecture—he is also dean of the University of Virginia school of architecture—McDonough is a compendium of similar maxims, phrases and rules: "Honor commerce as the engine of change"; "respect diversity"; "build for abundance"; "eco-efficiency should be replaced by eco-effectiveness"; "design is the first signal of human intention"; "all sustainability, like politics, is local"; "I want to do architecture that is timeless and mindful."

All this and much more come from a 48-year-old innocent anarchist; his language has the touch of the poet and of the bomb thrower; he looks like actor James Woods in a bow tie. He thinks abstractly, making it equally fascinating and difficult to talk to him, since he turns nearly every contribution one makes to the conversation into a refinement of his theories.

He believes the world needs to be rebuilt from the bottom up, in a "next industrial revolution." That means everything from products to buildings to cities to "definitions of beauty" and constructs of the human mind. Beauty, he says, embodies function. A beautiful woman who harms you is not beautiful; a beautiful building that spews fumes and spreads cancer is not beautiful. "How do we love all children?" means "How can we look seven generations into the future if we leave behind the detritus of this designer society?" "For a strategy of change," he says, "we need a strategy of hope."

“How can we be looking seven generations into the future if we leave behind the detritus of this designer society?”

The truth is that McDonough isn't an architect at all, or is only occasionally an architect. In collaboration with his friend German chemist Michael Braungart, he has begun or completed designs for nontoxic shower gels, fabrics that do not contain mutagens or carcinogens, dolls made without PVCs, biodegradable yogurt cartons, and a recyclable Nike sneaker made with soles that, when they disintegrate, will serve as nutrients for the soil. Among the larger projects, besides the Gap building, are the Nike European Headquarters, an environmental-studies center at Oberlin College that will produce more energy than it consumes, the Monsanto Child Development Center in Missouri, and a new community in Indiana called Coffee Creek Center, which will work against suburban sprawl by establishing a compact and pleasant small town.

"In Oberlin, we asked, How can we design a building like a tree?—a fecund structure that purifies waters and makes oxygen and food," he says. "In Coffee Creek, we asked, What if a town were like a forest?" He envisions the Indiana project as the first step toward creating "a green world with connecting gray zones."

The caution here is one that applies to utopian visions generally: perfect is always imperfect, as it must be, and imperfect—a world of disappointments and surprises—is as good as it gets. It is

hard to know whether McDonough recognizes this. He is in the first blush of success, where he wants everything to be right and believes it is possible. He asks, "Why should it ever be necessary to tear the Gap complex down?" and thinks that the question is rhetorical.

We walk through the building's halls and hear no noise anywhere. The colors surrounding us are muted tones; everything has the feel of khaki, even the fluorescent indirect lighting that McDonough deliberately made warm "to make people look better to one another." Walls display some of the art collection of Donald G. Fisher, Gap's founder and board chairman. And there are small, tidy visual jokes played against



PHOTO: GARY WILSON; PHOTOGRAPHY: PARTNERS

▲ CLOSE-KNIT COMMUNITY

Coffee Creek Center in northern Indiana will get energy from the sun. With neighbors and shopping close by, and lots of convenient walkways, residents will have little use for cars

the pervasive serenity. One of Fisher's paintings spells out the word *RIOT* at the farthest end of the hallway. The *F* was left off the sign on the vault of a fire valve, which now reads, *IRE VALVE*.

In some offices silence is eerie or disturbing. Here it feels more like a city early on a Sunday summer morning; one is aware of activity in the wings but not distracted by it. An employee's life remains private, behind low walls, where one is almost compelled to make a mess; everything else in the building is so starkly clean.

THE SENSE OF PRIVACY IS ODDLY RETAINED IN THE OPEN spaces as well—like the mobile anonymity cities offer. The outdoor feeling is abetted by the ability of employees to control their own lighting by raising or lowering tall shades manually. And the air they breathe is fresh. The raised floors of them do not go out for lunch, because the cafeteria is good and because in is out. "The old idea between employers and employees," says McDonough, "was that it was necessary to put you under stress to perform. A sort of Darwinian model: Shape up, or you have no value. We assume that people have value and that this is the atmosphere where it will shine."

"Could you have done your best work in this building?" I ask. "Absolutely," he says. "It's like an architect's studio."

Toward the end of the day, we are seated at a table in a corner of an open space that looks over the lower grassy roof. We might as well have been sitting beside a prairie. He talks of how he graduated to his way of thinking, but the process is not very clear, to him or to me. He was headed for the conventional life of architecture, and then he wasn't. There was Dartmouth, Yale school of architecture, a first job, then dreams. Driven basically by a mystical sensibility, he prefers to explain himself by referring to his roots. Whatever drives him, he believes, originated in the Irish mish.

So he speaks of misty ancient Irish history and folklore. He tells me the kings sent their princes to live with the poets by the rivers, and the poets would teach the princes their songs. But the prince who finally got selected as king would be the one who ate "the salmon of all knowledge"—so called because the salmon was the animal that migrated west to east and knew how to get back to the exact place where it was born.

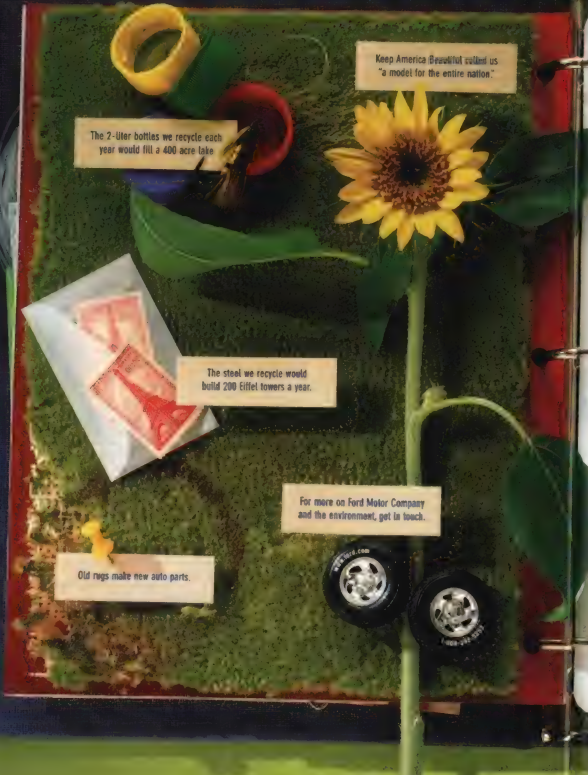
"I feel that it is time for us who have been out there to get back and re-examine our origins," he says. "I feel like a salmon coming home."

"Does the old Irish melancholy go along with that?" I ask him.

"Not for me," he says. "I'm basically optimistic. I'm trying to reimagine the future."

As we go on talking, a man and a woman appear and stop to talk shop loudly no more than 3 ft. from where we are sitting. Though it has to be clear that McDonough and I are in quiet conversation, they bray at each other for several minutes as if we do not exist. To me their behavior is simply a moment of normal human rudeness, though it is a little jarring in a building that is supposed to foster collegial bliss. I suggest to McDonough that civility is something that cannot be designed, and he starts to agree. Then he stops, grows pensive and says, as if making a note to himself, "Design for civility."

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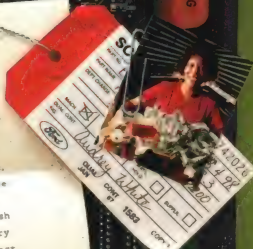
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TO: ALL
FROM: FRANCISCO JAVIER BERTAUD

We just spent the morning building nesting cavities for ducks. And yesterday we planted wildflowers and a new species of cactus.

That may seem a little unusual for someone who works for a Ford assembly plant but you see, i'm the official biologist, our facility in Cuautitlan, Mexico is home to lots of wild geese, falcons, lizards, and thrills.

Our team of 15 people works full time to preserve and enhance the wetlands and wildlife in our 260-acre compound. A few feet from where our coworkers build P-series trucks, we're planting thousands of trees and the hummingbirds are laying eggs.

I have a nice job, don't you think?

FRANCISCO JAVIER BERTAUD

Who needs "chemical" abrasives?
In Germany, we use brushes
without shells.

FRANCISCO
JAVIER BERTAUD

ENVIRONMENT

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MICHAEL AND JUDY CORBETT

Back to the Garden: A Suburban Dream

By DAVID S. JACKSON DAVIS

AS DEVELOPER MICHAEL CORBETT STROLLS AROUND THE GARDENS of Village Homes, his pioneering experiment in ecological living in Davis, Calif., life looks pretty good. Solar panels help keep the houses warm, shared backyards bring neighbors together, and natural drainage irrigates fruit trees. Corbett reaches up to a branch, plucks off a persimmon, and bites into it. "Just right," he proclaims with a smile. Village Homes is one of the world's best examples of sustainable development—it doesn't degrade the environment that future generations will inherit. But

Financing was another roadblock. "We went to 20 banks that wouldn't make a loan because the plan was too unconventional," says Corbett. "Everything was untried and unproven." But he and his wife were dauntless. "We never considered giving up," Judy says. "We weren't developers, we were missionaries."

They set up traffic cones on an empty parking lot to show the fire department that emergency equipment could easily navigate the narrow streets, even past parked cars. Village Homes' streets—with an average width of 23 ft., compared with up to 36 ft. on normal streets—would not only cost the city less to build and maintain but would give off less heat in the summer. They convinced the police

department that putting sidewalks behind the homes rather than in front and eliminating throughways would make residents safer, and Village Homes' low crime rate has proved the point.

They promised city officials that agricultural runoff wouldn't be a problem because they would use environmentally safe growing methods. And to those who objected to natural drainage, Corbett argued that cities had been built around that concept for centuries before modern techniques came in. As for financing, Corbett finally got help from a small local bank by not telling it about all the ecology business. The only major idea that had to be dropped was a plan to recycle sewage through underground pipes to nourish the orchards. The public health department refused to bend.

After three years of delays, the Corbets got the go-ahead, and the first of 240 homes began going up. In the heart of the development, a day-care center and a small suite of offices were built. Nearby, a solar-heated pool and playground looked out on a vineyard. (A restaurant would come later.) The homes came in all types and sizes: traditional, modern, even four with sod roofs. There was virtually no restriction on style, but all had to use solar heating. And there was one iron commandment: Thou shalt not block thy neighbor's sun.

Gardens soon sprouted, and so did kids. Families flocked to the development, drawn by the community spirit, open spaces and the bike paths that connected them to downtown Davis. "It really is a village," says Kit Bruner, 51, who moved in 15 years ago with her husband and two children. "There were eight 8-year-old boys in a two-block radius. You knew the parents of the child your child was playing with."

The residents became as diverse as the bounty of their vegetable patches. A bond salesman who had never gardened before started raising onions, broccoli, cauliflower, parsley, snow peas, chard and kale. Near him is a physics professor who once specialized in nuclear energy and now prefers the solar kind. There are schoolteachers and state-government employees (Sacramento is 15 miles away), young couples and retirees. Although the houses grew as large as 3,000 sq. ft., Corbett built several 1,000-sq.-ft. units for low-income residents.

Village Homes' success has attracted admirers from near and far. Architects and landscape-architecture students still troop



only a quarter-century ago, the ideas behind the project were considered so radical that it almost didn't happen.

Corbett, now 58, was a young homebuilder in the early '70s, when he and his wife Judy began thinking of ways to combine environmental ecology with social ecology, which uses building design to make neighbors more neighborly. The couple bought 60 acres of tomato fields west of downtown Davis and drew up plans for a housing development that would combine residential, commercial and agricultural elements in an unprecedented mix. The houses, which would use the latest in solar-heating technology, would be built in clusters and oriented toward the backyards, which would open onto large common areas. Fruits and vegetables would grow there, using water collected by natural drainage (the land would be contoured to capture most rainwater, with excess flowing into ditches and ponds rather than concrete storm sewers). The streets would be narrow and end in cul-de-sacs. Winding walkways would connect the homes to a small courtyard of offices, reinforcing the theme of a community built for people, not cars.

The Corbets submitted their plans to city officials—and got doused in cold water. "Everybody had a problem," recalls Judy. "The police department didn't like the dead-end cul-de-sacs. The fire department didn't like the narrow streets. The public-works department didn't like agriculture mixing with residential. And the planning department picked it apart endlessly."

SAVING SPACE
To go ahead, all they had to do was get past the fire department, the police and legions of city officials, all of them skeptical

HAPPY TOGETHER

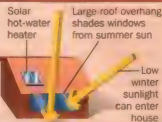
Village Homes, Davis, Calif.

AGRICULTURAL LAND

Orchards, vineyards and gardens are maintained by the residents, who also have spaces next to their homes to grow fruits and vegetables

ENERGY-EFFICIENT HOMES

Houses in the development are positioned to get maximum sunlight for solar water and space heating. Energy use is one-third to one-half that of other communities of the same size



TRANSPORTATION

Bicycle and footpaths link all sites. The village is built near its largest employer, a local university, so homeowners can bicycle to work. The narrow streets keep cars from speeding

COMMON AREAS

Two village greens, a swimming pool and two playgrounds bring people together



COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS

An office-building complex, which includes a dance studio, restaurant and apartments, is owned by the homeowners' association, providing income for the community

TIME Map by Joe Lertora

through regularly, and Japanese tourists are frequent visitors. "They're always trying to find what the latest thing in the world is, so they can capitalize on it," says Corbett with a laugh. The late French President François Mitterrand and former First Lady Rosalyn Carter have taken tours.

But enthusiasm for solar energy ebbed in the '80s after President Reagan ended tax credits for alternative power sources. Judy Corbett, who had been appointed to California's Solar Cal Council by Governor Jerry Brown, suddenly found herself without a job when his successor, George Deukmejian, pulled the plug on the agency. So she set up a nonprofit organization called the Local Government Commission to help educate officials on ways to deal with social and environmental problems. "It was clear to me that without mayors and city council managers and supervisors undertaking the lead in making things change, Village Homes could never be duplicated," she says.

Village Homes was one of the inspirations for the Coffee Creek community that green architect William McDonough is designing in Indiana, but other developers have been slow to pick up on the Corbetts' ideas. "The problem isn't that the public doesn't want it," Corbett says.

"They come here and see what we've done and say, 'Why isn't everybody doing this?' But developers are so closed-minded. They continue to build thousands of places where you can't get around without a car."

Village Homes isn't perfect. The Corbetts say that if they could do it over again, they'd build garages rather than open carports, which have filled up over the years with unsightly junk. Corbett would also put solariums—solar-heated rooms—in every house, and his wife would like to use photovoltaic roofing shingles to generate electricity from sunlight.

But what Corbett would most like to do is put his ideas into practice on a larger scale, especially since the fight against suburban sprawl has moved to the top of the nation's environmental agenda. His next goal is to create a combined residential, retail and office development south of Davis that would feature natural drainage and on-site food production. More than two decades after breaking ground for Village Homes, he's back in front of those persnickety city officials, seeking the green light to build. "At this point in my life," he says, "I don't want to do anything if it's not on the cutting edge." It may be lonely out there, but he doesn't mind. ■

“Developers are so closed-minded. They continue to build thousands of places where you can't get around without a car.”

The gasoline-powered internal-combustion engine is a menace to the environment. Although cars are far cleaner than they once were, California and other states are now demanding that autos be emissions-free. And the industry is beginning to comply, offering a few models pristinely propelled by electric batteries. Car companies are not promoting the vehicles with nearly enough enthusiasm (for the moment, they'd rather sell profitable gas-gulping SUVs), but the industry can see a new era coming and is pouring big money into better technology. Here are profiles by **Margot Hornblower** of two independent thinkers who have helped point automakers in a different direction.

STANFORD OVSHINSKY

Listen, Detroit: You'll Get a Charge Out of This

TROY, MICH., IN THE BELLY OF THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY, is an odd place to spark a revolution against the internal-combustion engine. But, then, Stanford Ovshinsky is no ordinary gearhead.

The son of a Lithuanian-born scrap-metal dealer, Ovshinsky opened a machine shop after high school, but that couldn't satisfy him for long. Although he never went to college, he founded a new field of physics based on the superconductivity of certain alloys. The company he formed in 1960, Energy Conversion Devices, makes the photovoltaic cells used on the Mir space station to generate electricity from sunlight. In the '80s the Japanese licensed his patents to produce digital video discs. But what really revs him up these days is a car battery. How dull is that? Not at all, if it can "change the world," as he claims with a subversive glint in his eye.

In his wood-paneled office, the 76-year-old inventor with an Einsteinian shock of silver hair paces before a white board covered with mysterious equations and diagrams. "All you hear," he says, "is that electric cars are not realistic. But we are providing the means." Ovshinsky's patented new battery powers the 1999 model of General Motors' EV-1, the first modern American electric car to be marketed to the general public—although only in Arizona and California so far. It can go 150 miles before it needs recharging, more than double the distance achieved by electric cars powered by traditional batteries.

The breakthrough came in 1982, when Ovshinsky, the self-made alchemist, invented small, powerful batteries made from alloys called nickel metal hydrides. American manufacturers were indifferent, but Japanese electronics giants embraced the technology. Last year 780 million NiMH batteries were



Photo: Will McGowan

made for computers, cell phones and other gadgets, most through licenses on Ovshinsky's patents. In 1988 the PBS science program *Nova* aired a documentary on Ovshinsky titled *Japan's American Genius*.

Back then, when Ovshinsky talked of scaling up his battery to run a car, he was ridiculed. "The auto companies said it wouldn't work," he recalls. "Then, after one car got 200 miles on a single charge, they said it couldn't be manufactured. Now that we are making them, they say it is too costly. But that is a red herring too." Ovshinsky's team of engineers and electrochemists has slashed the cost 40% in two years, they claim. If automakers would commit to buying tens of thousands, Ovshinsky says, the batteries would make electric cars as cheap as gasoline models.

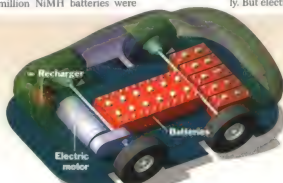
Not everyone is convinced. "Ovshinsky is brilliant," says Daniel Sperling, director of the Transportation Institute at the University of California at Davis. "But his battery will be cost-competitive only for small electrics, such as Toyota's E-com or Ford's Think—both still prototypes." The battery will also work in "hybrid" cars, with both gasoline engines and electric motors (see diagram), that Japanese firms will send to the U.S. by next year.

Ovshinsky has attracted financing—\$36 million in grants from the U.S. Advanced Battery Consortium and \$20 million from GM. His new battery factory in Ohio, however, is running at less than half capacity. "Automakers built an industry on gasoline," says an undaunted Ovshinsky. "And large corporations don't change easily. But electric cars are here. The genie is out of the bottle." ■

HUMMING ALONG
The kind of battery that powers this scooter can propel an emissions-free auto for 150 miles before it needs to stop for juice

CARS OF THE FUTURE

Oil companies, beware. New types of autos, now in production or development use little or no gasoline

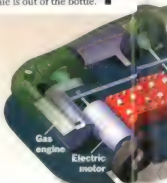


◀ ELECTRIC

HOW Batteries drive the motor 100 to 200 miles between recharges

PROS No emissions. Quiet ride. Great for short commutes

CONS Not for going long distances in a day, since overnight charging is easiest. Electric utilities create pollution unless plants operate on water, solar or wind energy



GEOFFREY BALLARD

In a Hurry to Prove the "Pistonheads" Wrong

A CENTURY HENCE, WHEN HISTORIANS TRY TO PINPOINT THE birth of the hydrogen age, will they focus on two weary tennis players vegging out in a Vancouver hot tub? It is as good a peg as any. For on that summer day in 1989 at the Hollywood Country Club, a peripatetic Canadian geophysicist persuaded a British Columbia official to help fund a farfetched idea: a municipal bus that would run not on gasoline or diesel fuel but on hydrogen, and spew from its tailpipe only a thin stream of pure water. "Can you get me a green photo op?" Geoffrey Ballard, the geophysicist, remembers his companion asking.

Four years and \$4.2 million later, the magic bus was built. Scientists from Vancouver's Ballard Power Systems, a then fledgling company, joined Canadian officials in drinking from a fluted glass of clean emissions of the world's first fuel-cell vehicle, celebrating an event they hoped would herald a transportation revolution. Since then, auto companies and other investors have poured more than \$1 billion into Ballard's outlandish notion, betting that the fuel cell—an electrochemical device that combines oxygen with hydrogen to generate electricity—can all but eliminate auto pollution. With bravado Ballard predicts that fuel-cell cars will become economical by 2010 and "the internal-combustion engine will go the way of the horse. It will be a curiosity to my grandchildren."

If Ballard, a trim 66-year-old with an unflinching gaze, sounds rocky, it may be because he has finally won respect at the end of a long and winding career. The son of an electrochemist from Niagara Falls, Ont., he crossed the border to earn a Ph.D. in geophysics from Washington University in St. Louis, Mo., and worked for the U.S. Army in specialties ranging from microwave communications to ice physics (he studied how to hide bomber refueling tanks in Greenland). After the 1974 energy crisis hit, he became head of the new Federal Energy Conservation Research office in Washington but was frustrated when Congress refused to get serious about weaning the U.S. from imported oil. "So I quit," he says. "I've never followed the herd." His first business venture, a seven-year quest to build a lithium-based "superbattery" that would replace the internal-combustion engine, never panned out, landing him at one point in bankruptcy.

In 1983 Ballard and two younger partners, engineer Paul Howard and electrochemist Keith Prater, changed course, winning a contract from the Canadian military to research a more exotic form of power. Fuel cells had been around for 150 years and were used in the Gemini space program but were thought to be too expensive for any practical use. As Ballard's team began to make the cells lighter, smaller and thus cheaper, it realized that the technology could eventually be used in vehicles.

Skeptics—"pistonheads," Ballard calls them—say the company's decades away from making fuel-cell cars affordable, if it ever can.

But some of the largest automakers are betting on a hy-



drogen future. DaimlerChrysler and Ford have paid \$750 million for 35% of Ballard Power Systems, vowing to market fuel-cell cars within five years. Since hydrogen is difficult to store, current research focuses on fueling the cars with methanol, from which hydrogen would be extracted on board. That process would produce pollution, but not nearly as much as conventional engines give off.

In late 1997 Ballard, now a multimillionaire, retired as chairman of his company, but he's confident that his successors can fulfill his vision. He has already turned many doubters into believers. Science colleagues who were once "embarrassed to be seen with me at professional symposia," he says, now call upon him to give speeches. "Be impatient," he counseled students at British Columbia's University of Victoria as he accepted an honorary degree last year. "Challenge the normal. Dare to be in a hurry to change things for the better."

FUEL EXHAUST
The peripatetic geophysicist built a bus that runs on hydrogen and puts out only a thin stream of water you can drink

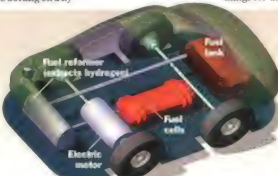


◀ HYBRID

HOW Alternates automatically between gasoline engine and electric motor. Battery is recharged by the engine and the energy from braking action

PROS Better gasoline mileage and thus less pollution than with conventional autos

CONS Only partway to an emissions-free car



◀ FUEL CELL

HOW Hydrogen is removed from methanol. The fuel cell combines hydrogen with oxygen to produce water and electrical power

PROS Using methanol produces less pollution than burning gasoline

CONS What's needed is a convenient distribution system so drivers can fill tanks with hydrogen

C I N E M A

DESIGNING WOMAN

Sometimes clothes really do make the man. Or woman. At least they do when costumer Sandy Powell creates them

By **GINIA BELLAFANTE**

MOVIEDOM IS FILLED WITH MEMORABLE fashion imagery—Vivien Leigh's *Gone With the Wind* green velvet, Audrey Hepburn's *Sabrina* cocktail sheath, Jean Seberg's T-shirts in *Breathless*, almost anything Mike Myers wore in *Austin Powers*—but how often can articles of clothing be credited with having a performance-enhancing power akin to, say, a film's director? It happened, it seems, during the shooting of Todd Haynes' *Velvet Goldmine*, an homage to the David Bowie '70s and the world of men in makeup. According to Toni Collette, who played a rock-star wife, all the leopard print and lamé she wore in the film coaxed the hidden extrovert right out of her. "The clothes made me want to show off," she says, "which is just what the character had to do."

The pen—and mind—behind

WEAR AND WHEN A Powell sketch for a Shakespeare gown, left, and another of a 19th century top that served as inspiration for a costume for *Velvet Goldmine*

that transformative wear is Sandy Powell, perhaps the movies' most celebrated costume designer since the heyday of postwar grande dame Edith Head, a 35-time Oscar winner. Come the Academy Awards next month, Powell, a 38-year-old Londoner with 25 pictures and two previous Oscar nominations to her name, will be up again for a statuette—and the competition will include herself. Last week the designer received two Oscar nominations—one for her work on *Velvet Goldmine* and the other for the hit romance *Shakespeare in Love*.

It would be easy to sum up Powell as merely a lover of the period piece. After all, in addition to *Velvet Goldmine* and *Shakespeare*, her résumé includes *The Wings of the Dove* and *Orlando* as well as *Edward II*, *Rob Roy* and *Michael Collins*. But what seems to attract Powell most are characters who lead showy, tumultuous, unhesitant lives, the sort through which she can indulge her taste for bold color and texture to the fullest. "I



Shakespeare in Love



The Wings of the Dove



Orlando



Velvet
Goldmine

couldn't do a project if it was all just fantastic costumes and a rubbish script," she explains. "I couldn't be bothered to give it my time."

Powell briefly attended London's venerable Central Saint Martin's College of Art & Design before dropping out to work as an assistant designer in theater. Her movie career was launched in the mid '80s when she met director Derek Jarman, with whom she collaborated on *Caravaggio*.

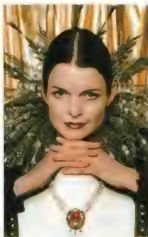
She has since developed a working method that involves little initial sketching. Powell first researches the era she's dealing with by visiting museums and galleries and studying paintings and photographs. "Unless of course the film requires it, I'm not interested in an exact replica of the period. I look at the period, how it should be, how it could be, and then I do my own version," she says. Next, she scours London for splendid fabrics. "I rarely start with a drawing," says Powell. "I start with a fabric I like and base the design on how that fabric behaves."

The decadent sequins and satin that make up *Velvet Goldmine* eclipse everything else in the film. Recalls director Haynes: "When she agreed [to work on *Velvet Goldmine*], I started leaping up and down because I knew how important the costumes were to this film. Sandy's work is impeccably rich." Powell's best move in *Goldmine*, albeit the quietest, is ensuring that rock-star Brian Slade, the film's lead character, never looks all that different offstage than he does when he's performing. His lover and rival Curt Wild opts for black behind the scenes, but Slade believes in glam-rock's life-as-spectacle ethos more passionately than anyone else, and this is reflected in his daywear—all fuchsia and wild prints.

"Sandy comes with strong responses to the material," notes John Madden, director of *Shakespeare in Love*, which speculates fancifully about the Bard's inspiration for *Romeo and Juliet*. "She comes armed with instinct." Among Madden's favorite creations for the film were the costumes she made for the

staged production of *Romeo and Juliet*. He loved the way in which the lavishness of the players' dress contrasted with the shabby browns worn by the commoners in the audience. "At first we thought it looked bizarre," says Madden, "but what was so brilliant was how she captured in costume how extraordinarily intoxicating that play must have been to the grubby creatures down in the pit watching."

Shakespeare also showcased Powell's obsession with detail. In the film, the dressing gown worn by Gwyneth Paltrow



SEAMS AND DREAMS Give her the muslin; she'll make magic

appears to be festooned with iridescent jewels—but they are actually dried beetle wings, intended to replicate Elizabethan materials. When Paltrow's character pretends to be a boy, she wears a top with embroidery delicate enough to remind us that she is female. But Powell also put birdseed pouches in the crotch of Paltrow's breeches so the actress would remember to walk like a boy.

If there is another theme to Powell's work, it is an unending fascination with characters who live on gender's

edges. Apart from the sexual rebels she dressed in her two recent films and in *Orlando* (based on the Virginia Woolf novel about a heroine who switches sexes back and forth), Powell also designed costumes for Neil Jordan's *The Crying Game*. "I'm attracted to projects that involve taking risks of some kind," Powell says, "and ones that might upset some people."

Despite her obvious talent for the splashy, one could argue that Powell's gift best manifests itself in smaller, brocade-free dramas such as *Hilary and Jackie*. Powell's mod clothes never overwhelm the tale of the relationship between the impassioned cellist Jacqueline du Pré and her sister, but instead lend a keen visual intensity to the women's profound differences. As Jackie becomes increasingly famous—and depressed—her knits seem to get more blindingly pink and blue; Hilary, meanwhile, recedes into neutrals. The look stays with you—Powell's work, it seems, never fades to black.

—Reported by Helen Gibson/London and Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles

SPECTATOR

Bruce Handy

Translation: I Won! I Won! I Won!

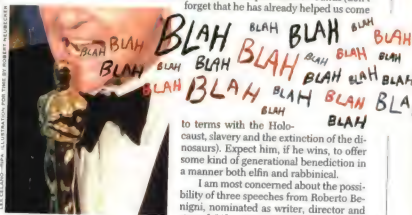
Naked egos and big thoughts: we forecast 1999's Oscar acceptance speeches

IN THE COMING WEEKS, EVERYONE WILL BE OFFERING predictions about the Academy Awards. Some will even have opinions about which pictures *should* win, as if good taste and critical justice had anything to do with it. I, for one, refuse to be upset that a cabal of Academy members voted for *Titanic* last year over *Romy and Michele's High School Reunion*, which, come to think of it, wasn't even nominated. See what I'm saying?

I prefer to make Oscar-night predictions based on which acceptance speeches I do and do not want to hear. For instance, I wouldn't bet on whether Tom Hanks will receive a third Best Actor statuette for *Saving Private Ryan*, but I do know that if he wins, he will offer a halting, heartfelt tribute to the veterans of World War II. Hanks can be eloquent, and veterans obviously deserve the recognition, but we have congressional resolutions and postage stamps for that sort of thing. What we have awards shows for is displays of sheer, naked narcissism. "I'm king of the world!" James Cameron bellowed last year: his belated tribute to the 1,500 or so people who died on the *Titanic* put the victims in their proper place as a historical footnote. It was the greatest Oscar moment since Sally Field's "You like me" speech back in 1985. That said, I'd rather listen to Hanks than to fellow nominee Nick Nolte—you heard it here first!—ramble on gruffly if ethereally, like some scary uncle, about the primacy of "the work."

Steven Spielberg has been nominated as both director and producer of *Saving Private Ryan*. Critics have been promulgating the notion, which Spielberg in interviews appears to encourage, that the film has redeemed selfish baby boomers by forcing them to acknowledge their parents' sac-

rifices—as if baby boomers hadn't grown up reading Sgt. Rock and listening to the fakey tromp-tromp sound effect of marching Nazi soldiers on all those episodes of *The World at War*. But people these days seem to think of Spielberg less as a filmmaker than as a healer of deep historical wounds (don't forget that he has already helped us come



to terms with the Holocaust, slavery and the extinction of the dinosaurs). Expect him, if he wins, to offer some kind of generational benediction in a manner both elfin and rabbinical.

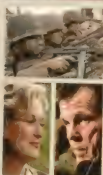
I am most concerned about the possibility of three speeches from Roberto Benigni, nominated as writer, director and star of *Life Is Beautiful*. As he told the *New York Times* last week, his movie is "about three little clowns—myself, my wife and the boy—in the most terrifying place in the world. It's a movie about how to protect your innocence, your purity, in the face of evil." What else can one say but Yikes! The only thing worse than listening to mawkish European comics lecture about innocence is listening to mawkish \$20 million-a-picture American movie stars do the same. We can be grateful, then, that Robin Williams wasn't nominated for *Patch Adams*. But I don't look forward to Oscar night 2002, when Williams will surely be honored for the American remake of *Life Is Beautiful*—unless, that is, Billy Crystal beats him to the role.

THE SICK, THE DEAD AND THE UGLY

There is no surefire way to Oscar's heart, but in an unscientific analysis of previous Academy Award winners, we found some uncanny

similarities. On the basis of these, we were able to zero in on the folks who might want to be clearing some prominent shelf space soon.

	PAST WINNERS	COMMON TRAITS	AND THE OSCAR GOES TO...
BEST FILM	<i>Titanic</i> (1997) <i>The English Patient</i> (1996) <i>Braveheart</i> (1995)	Biggest star dies after heroic deeds; epic length	<i>Saving Private Ryan</i>
BEST ACTOR	Jack Nicholson (<i>As Good As It Gets</i>) Geoffrey Rush (<i>Shine</i>) Nicolas Cage (<i>Leaving Las Vegas</i>)	Behaves oddly; troubled by a big affliction	Nick Nolte (<i>Affliction</i>)
BEST ACTRESS	Helen Hunt (<i>As Good As It Gets</i>) Frances McDormand (<i>Fargo</i>) Susan Sarandon (<i>Dead Man Walking</i>)	Is dowdy; handles troubled men; is a mother or a Sister	Meryl Streep (<i>One True Thing</i>)



Visionary Homebody

The 17th century Dutch painter Pieter de Hooch raised orderly domesticity to the level of sanctity

By ROBERT HUGHES

SOME ARTISTS GET THEIR MUSEUM retrospectives at 35, some at 60, most never. Pieter de Hooch is having his at 370, and it was worth waiting for. The display of 41 of De Hooch's paintings at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn. (through March 14), is his first exhibition. Organized by Peter Sutton, the Atheneum's director, who wrote the De Hooch catalogue raisonnée back in 1980, it is an absolute delight. Unless you've seen it, you've hardly seen De Hooch at all.

Next only to Vermeer, De Hooch (rhymes with broke, not pooch) was the greatest Dutch genre artist of the 17th century. Very little is known about his life. He was born in Rotterdam in 1629. He learned painting by apprenticeship there, probably to Nicolaes Berchem. By 1655 his name shows up on the rolls of the artists' guild in Delft. There he must have known the slightly younger Johannes Vermeer. Five years later, he was working in Amsterdam. He married and had seven children. None of his letters survive, and no drawings either. In 1684 he died in a madhouse. Whatever his affliction may have been, it left no interpretable mark on his work. Nothing is known about his personality, and it doesn't matter. And that's about it, except for the fact that his critical fortunes rose steeply in the 19th century—and the much odder fact that until now, no museum in or out of Holland has ever bothered to mount a show of his work, even though his pictures have been eagerly sought by collectors the world over.

He was a visionary homebody, less mysterious and abstract than Vermeer but vastly more refined than his predecessors, those Dutch painters of grinning drunks, gamblers and bottom pinchers in brown tav-

erns. De Hooch worked in this mode for a while, but his maturity as an artist began with rejecting it. Instead, he focused on home and hearth, sometimes with a bit of boozing—in Holland beer was held to be good even for small children—but always warmly idealized. What he idealized was domesticity and nurture, set in precise constructions of space, bathed in subtle transitions of light.

To the extent that De Hooch made allegories of virtue at all, he certainly didn't try to shove them down the viewer's throat. His morality was all sympathy; he wasn't in any direct way a preacher. But in a time and place that put the strongest emphasis on the idea of the ordered, tranquil family as the basis of a just society, his visions of domesticity had a distinct symbolic point. Disorder, in the real world outside or the formal one inside his paintings, repelled him. Everything in his interiors is swept, garnished. De Hooch epitomizes the Dutch obsession

with cleanliness, which at the time was unique in Europe: compared with these frugal bourgeois, 17th century Englishmen, Italians or Spaniards lived like pigs, with the sour reek of sweat always coming from behind the silks and leathers.

Dutch wives and servants were forever sweeping, swabbing, scouring and polishing, re-enacting through drudgery the holiness of Martha in the house of Mary. Practices of hygiene got raised to the level of devotional acts. A marvelous example in De Hooch is *A Mother and Child with Its Head in Her Lap*, circa 1658-60. The child kneels submissively with her face down. The mother, absorbed in her task, is picking lice from her hair. From this ordinary domestic event, De Hooch creates an extraordinarily tender image of care and even sanctity.

Yet this narrative isn't the whole of the picture by any means. De Hooch was a master of spatial composition. In his pictures you are never entirely inside or wholly outside. His rooms aren't closed, artificially lit boxes but part of a continuity between the inner and outer worlds, revealing the truth of both under the benison of natural light. In this painting the rectangles of the brown room with its wide wallboards and alcove bed open backward into stages of increasing light. The window casts a bright lozenge of sun



A MOTHER AND CHILD WITH ITS HEAD IN HER LAP, CIRCA 1658-60

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— *Trapper John, M.D.*

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* Average annual total returns reflect the actual performance of the Fund without taking sales charges into account. SEC standardized returns reflect the Fund's contingent deferred sales charge (Class B shares), which applies only if the shares are sold within six years of purchase.

† The Standard & Poor's 500 Composite Stock Price Index is an unmanaged index of 500 common stocks and is a generally accepted measure of stock market performance. The S&P 500 had average annual total returns of +28.58%, +24.05% and +19.19% for the 1, 5 and 10 years ended December 31, 1998, respectively.

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A R T

on the worn tiles of the floor beyond. The light slants, giving De Hooch an opportunity to complicate his verticals and horizontals with a diagonal bar of shadow cast by the window transom on the half-open shutter. Some surfaces receive the light directly, others obliquely, thus enabling him to render subtle variations, gleams and sparkles of light on edges and irregularities.

None of this is intrusive, but there is something intense about the discreet effort that has gone into it—analysis raised to poetry. It demands close looking—and gets it, from the little dog in the foreground with its back to us, transfixed by the sight. And things are complicated a little further by a second window, on the right, that lights up the mother and child and leaves a brilliant splash of gold on the brass bed warmer hanging above the mother's head, like a displaced halo.

Until De Hooch goes to Amsterdam, the work is all plain, in surface, substance and gesture. There's scarcely a hint of theatricality in the way his Delft models look. The figures in *A Woman Drinking with Two Men, and a Serving Woman*, circa 1658, are circumspect and static. True, the man on the left seems to be mimicking a violin player with two clay pipes, but it would be hard to imagine a more decorous drinking party, and the glass of wine the woman raises is more like a chalice than an attribute of Bacchus, let alone Venus. Their presence is vivid, but it's subordinated to the even stronger formal matrix of the painting, sandwiched between the perspective run of the ceiling beams and the imperious grid of the tiled floor. Everything in De Hooch's paintings, including the sometimes rather wooden figures, is a space marker. The most reliably expressive creatures there are the dogs.

But how much of a realist was he? In De Hooch's world every brick is in place—he was, as a matter of fact, the son of a master bricklayer—but that place may not have been in a real structure. The show contains two paintings of the "same" scene, a courtyard in Delft, from 1658, fea-

turing a brick archway with an inscribed tablet and a round window above it, and a little arbor to the right. Except that in the second version the arbor isn't an arbor but a shed, and the slice of street seen through the archway is different; and the pattern of paving on the ground is different too. It's like a child's puzzle: "What's wrong with the second picture?" Which bit of Delft is invented? The first or the second or (just as likely) both?

De Hooch's painting changed after his move to Amsterdam. He was working for a richer and posher clientele—not that they made him rich. The plain stuff of his interiors gives way to more sumptuous



A WOMAN DRINKING WITH TWO MEN, AND A SERVING WOMAN, CIRCA 1658

surfaces: marble, Turkish carpets and gilded walls of embossed leather, all of which he painted with virtuosity. The people are dressed to the nines. The idea that De Hooch sold out to them, and to their way of life, thus sending his art into decadence, was widespread once. It isn't borne out by the pictures themselves. A strangely moody image from 1677, of a couple eating oysters in a shadowed courtyard while a black servant plays the viola, is one of the best of all his paintings. But the earlier, inward, reflective De Hoochs seem closer to his own life, and so they affect us more.



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BOOKS

Hoods and Hustlers

A white journalist tells the story of a black gang member. It's hard to tell who's being conned



SUBTITLED *FIVE YEARS INSIDE the Franklin Avenue Posse* (a reference to an Afro-Caribbean street gang in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, N.Y.), Douglas Century's *Street Kingdom* (Warner Books;

415 pages; \$25) charts a turbid interracial friendship between two ambitious young men.

One is the author, a Canadian-born Ivy Leaguer whose résumé lists work on the *Forward*, the English-language version of New York City's aged Yiddish daily. The other protagonist, schooled at New York State's best correctional institutions, has an arrest record that includes assault, drug dealing and firing a machine pistol from a speeding car.

Century's dangerous acquaintance answers to the names Knowledge Born, K-God or simply K. All identities in the story have been changed to protect the not-so-innocent, which should include Century. Much of his "inside" information is hearsay. And his practice of using aliases in nonfiction is no less dubious because it is commonplace and a legal safeguard. But Century wants to have his fact and fiction at the same time. It can be tricky. If readers overlook an early cryptic footnote, they will be unaware of the name alterations until they reach a disclosure at the end of the book. Moreover, it turns out that even the aliases have aliases.

If you don't mind that ploy and the nonstop obscenities faithfully transcribed in the name of realism, *Street Kingdom* can be a dramatic subway safari. Shutting between Manhattan and Brooklyn, Century is an enthusiastic guide to polyglot and polychrome New York City. When outlaw and author first met nearly seven years ago at a lower Manhattan nightclub, K was trying to make it as a hip-hop lyricist and performer. He had the look (270 lbs. of muscular intimidation draped in clothing loose enough to conceal an arsenal) and

a showman's instincts. In the book his stage name is American Dread, suggesting both the nation's historical fear of black uprisings and Jamaica's popular hairstyle.

As Century tells it, K did not get a career break because his vocals were too complex to catch on. Judge for yourself: "Straight and simple/ My s___ be mental/ Comin' for your temple/ Soon as they put on instrumental."

The man behind the rap is undeniably more complicated. He has a wife and baby he cares deeply about. He holds down two jobs as a clothing-store guard. He struggles to control mood swings and violent urges. When



OBSERVER Century's dangerous relationship with K yields a dramatic view of polyglot New York City

not wowing Century with gang-war stories and introducing him to a .50-cal. handgun known as the Desert Eagle, he alternates between sounding like a fatalist and a self-help guru. "Think negative, dwell on the negative, and somethin' negative is surely gonna happen," he tells his compliant Boswell.

Plenty of bad things happen in *Street Kingdom*, and K's easily injured pride and volcanic temper could mean further trouble ahead. The future looks brighter for Century. Perhaps he will get his interracial-buddy story optioned in Hollywood. Then the difference between fact and fiction would no longer matter.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Survival of the Finest

A novel about Charles Darwin's aide-de-camp celebrates another aspect of human evolution



CALL IT THE SIDEKICK theory of history: the idea that behind every famous individual was an unsung, exceptional assistant whose aid and support guaranteed his or her chief's success. In the case of Charles Darwin, the invaluable aide-de-camp may have been one Syms Covington, an obscure British sailor who, though he's barely mentioned in Darwin's writings, toiled at his side throughout his early career, bagging the vast array of specimens upon which Darwin founded his theory of natural selection. Now, in Australian novelist Roger McDonald's *Mr. Darwin's Shooter* (Atlantic Monthly Press; 365 pages; \$25), Covington becomes a memorable figure in his own right—the humble, devoted triggerman who did the great scientist's dirty work.

Covington, as McDonald re-creates him in earthy, economical prose, is a cheerful believer in the biblical doctrines that Darwin's work will so thoroughly overturn. The recipient of a shipboard education in basic Christianity, yet brimming over with animal high spirits, Covington roams the wilds of South America, bringing down exotic birds by day and happily sinning away his nights with a succession of willing women. He's not a student of evolution but evolution's happy product, strong and shrewd and lusty. A nature boy. The irony is that this makes him the perfect tool of a scientific expedition whose findings will challenge his very being.

The novel is an adventure story first; it wears its lofty paradoxes lightly. Bounding over the waves and through the woods, Covington bears an almost feudal loyalty to the brilliant master he

calls "the gent." But while Darwin may have the upper hand socially and intellectually, Covington is the superior psychologist, gifted with a rustic common sense that allows him to hold his own with the great man and slyly enrich himself under Darwin's nose by selling rare animals to London collectors. Like the fantastic tortoises they encounter in the Galápagos, servant and master are perfectly adapted to their respective niches in the world, "proof that God's hand sized here with one thing, there with another, and the chambers of his gallery were infinite in their on-going."

Intercut with the tales of his voyages with Darwin are chapters depicting Covington's old age. Settled on the Australian coast, he awaits the delivery of an early copy of *The Origin of Species*. A reader's expectation, of course, is that the book will blow away Covington's Christian piety, but it's a measure of McDonald's wisdom and subtle understanding of human ties that something altogether stranger happens. Evolution, as *Mr. Darwin's Shooter* demonstrates, is driven by forces more nuanced and mysterious than the crude survival of the fittest.

—By Walter Kim

LEGAL NOTICE

practicable given Leggett's troubled financial condition — to the Settlement Class for equitable distribution.

Leggett's assets are so limited in relation to the potential liability of Leggett for pending and potential smoking-related claims against it that even a relatively insignificant judgment could render Leggett insolvent, and members of the Settlement Class will be unable to avoid themselves of the valuable cooperation to be provided by Leggett under the settlement, and without any prospect of financial recovery from Leggett.

If the Settlement is approved and becomes effective, its main features will affect Settlement Class members as follows:

1. 75% of Leggett's annual pre-tax income, with a minimum yearly payment of \$1 million, will be placed in a Settlement Fund for the next twenty-five (25) years. The allocation of the settlement fund to specific uses or among particular claimants has not been determined. Final allocation and distribution of the Settlement Fund will be administered by a Settlement Fund Board. The Settlement Fund Board shall be comprised of, among others, representatives of the public health community and by Settlement Class Counsel with the approval of the Court. The Settlement Fund Board shall be responsible for recommending and expending guidelines and procedures for the administration of claims. The Settlement Agreement does not specify any particular allocation of settlement proceeds. Settlement Class members will be given notice and an opportunity to be heard and make suggestions regarding allocation before any final allocation or distribution decisions are made.

2. Leggett will cooperate fully with the Settlement Class and Settlement Class Counsel in their lawsuits against the other cigarette manufacturers. To that end, Leggett will make available to the Settlement Class and Settlement Class Counsel all documents, records and information, including documents submitted to Leggett's own attorney-client privilege and work product protections and will assist those parties in obtaining prompt court adjudication of the joint defense privilege claims of the other cigarette manufacturers. Moreover, Leggett will offer their employees, and any and all other individuals over whom they have control, to provide extensive interviews of such employees and to testify in deposition and at trial.

3. Leggett will support and not challenge Food and Drug Administration regulations concerning the sale and distribution of nicotine-containing cigarettes and smokeless tobacco products to children and adolescents. Accordingly, Leggett has agreed to comply with many of the FDA regulations and other advertising restrictions to which they apply to the tobacco industry generally.

4. All smoking-related claims against Leggett covered by the Settlement will be resolved.

5. In the event that another tobacco company merges with or acquires Leggett or Brooke Group in the future, the merged tobacco company would participate in certain aspects of the Settlement

Agreement.

On March 9, 1999, a hearing will be held in the Thirteenth Judicial Circuit Court, Courtroom 8000, Mobile Government Plaza, Mobile, Alabama and will continue, if necessary, at such times as the Court orders. The purpose of this hearing is to determine whether the settlement described herein is fair, reasonable, and adequate to members of the Settlement Class and should be approved. The Court will review all aspects of the settlement and the historical events leading up to the settlement. If the Court finds the terms proposed in the settlement to be fair, reasonable and adequate, the settlement may be approved. If the Court finds any of the provisions in the proposed settlement to be unfair, it may reject the settlement.

Although you may not exclude yourself from the class, you have a right at the hearing to comment on or object to the settlement, or to any of its terms. If you desire to object to or comment on the settlement prior to the hearing, you must mail written objections or comments to Special Master John W. Sharronoff, Esq., 156 St. Anthony St., Mobile, Alabama and place on your objection the case name and number "Fletcher, et al. v. Brooke Group, Ltd., et al., Case No. 97-913," provided such written objections or comments are postmarked no later than March 1, 1999. If you desire to appear in person, or through counsel selected by you, at the March 9, 1999 hearing, you must mail a written notice of intention to appear to Special Master Sharronoff on or before March 1, 1999. If you have no objections to this settlement and accept the terms of this settlement, you need not file anything with the Court.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO MAKE ANY OBJECTIONS YOU MAY HAVE TO THE SETTLEMENT AT THIS TIME. You may also seek to intervene in this action as a party pursuant to either Rule 24(a) or Rule 24(b) of the Alabama Rules of Civil Procedure. However, there is no assurance that your application to intervene will be granted by the Court. A party who seeks to intervene in the settlement may not enjoy all the rights in the proceeding as a party who is permitted to intervene. For example, rights to engage in discovery may be granted to a party permitted to intervene, and there is precedent that a party who has not been permitted to intervene is not permitted to appeal of disapproval with the outcome in the Circuit Court. If you have not intervened in this action or if you do not file a timely notice of objections or a timely intention to appear at the hearing, you will waive your right to object to the settlement.

If the Settlement Agreement is approved by the Court, and you or a person for whom you act as a legal representative fall within the definition of the Settlement Class, you will be bound by the Court's final orders and judgments. The Settlement Agreement is available for public inspection in the Court's Civil Office, 205 Government Street, Mobile, Alabama. Copies of the Settlement Agreement can be obtained from the Court's Civil Office by payment of the copying and mailing expense. The Settlement Agreement is also available on the World Wide Web of the Internet at www.leggett.net.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF MOBILE COUNTY, ALABAMA
OFFICIAL NOTICE

— ATTENTION — ALL SMOKERS and ALL INDIVIDUALS OR ENTITIES WHICH MAY HAVE CLAIMS AGAINST CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS

Your rights may be affected by a class action lawsuit pending in the Circuit Court of Mobile County, Alabama. *Fletcher, et al. v. Brooke Group, Ltd., Leggett Group Inc., and its affiliates Brooke Group Ltd. and Leggett & Myers, Inc.* (hereinafter referred to collectively as "Leggett"). Leggett is the manufacturer of Chesterfield, Eve 1 & M, Lark, Pyramid, and various generic brands of cigarettes.

If approved, the class action and settlement in *Fletcher* will resolve all smoking-related claims against Leggett Group, Inc. and its affiliates Brooke Group Ltd. and Leggett & Myers, Inc. (hereinafter referred to collectively as "Leggett"). Leggett is the manufacturer of Chesterfield, Eve 1 & M, Lark, Pyramid, and various generic brands of cigarettes.

If you or some person or entity for whom you act as a legal representative is or was a smoker, has been exposed to cigarette smoke, or has received or claims to have incurred direct or indirect economic loss as a result of paying for the treatment of diseases, illnesses, or medical conditions allegedly caused by cigarettes, you may be covered by terms of the settlement as a member of the Settlement Class.

Among other things, the settlement provides for (1) compliance by Leggett with certain FDA regulations and other restrictions on Leggett's marketing and sale of cigarettes to minors and children; (2) a public statement by Leggett acknowledging that nicotine is addictive and that smoking causes serious health problems; (3) placement of a prominent warning on each of Leggett's packages of cigarettes and in its advertising stating "Smoking is Addictive"; (4) cooperation with the Settlement Class and Settlement Class Counsel in pursuit of lawsuits against other cigarette manufacturers; and (5) monetary compensation — to the extent

SHORT TAKES

TELEVISION

THE BEAT GOES ON ABC, Feb. 22 The problem with this empathetic if unimaginative movie, based on Sonny Bono's memoir, is that it refuses to be awful—viewers expecting camp will do better



trolling via Cher videos. The story of Sonny and Cher's rise and fall, comeback and dissolution is standard-issue backstage drama, albeit one with more bobcat vests than usual. Renee Faia does a spot-on Cher, suggesting humanity beneath the tics. Jay Underwood gets Sonny's doofiness but not,

one realizes in its absence, the wimpy vulnerability that made him tolerable. The revelations, then, are that Sonny's stage persona was not just one dimensional—one-and-a-half, say—and that the duo's first hit, *Baby Don't Go*, was its best.

—By Bruce Handy

TOO RICH: THE SECRET LIFE OF DORIS DUKE CBS, Feb. 21, 23 Her dad founded the American Tobacco Company. But the richest girl in the world found only domestic



rancor: a hateful mother, scheming lovers and, finally, a butler (Richard Chamberlain, all oil and vitriol—a nicely creepy job) who hastened her death and gained her fortune. This mini-series, directed by John Erman, has the impulse for high trash but not the racing pulse, the quick, bold strokes; its view of the rich getting skewered by the would-be rich is curiously sedate. The reason to watch is Lauren Bacall: she has the glamour, gravity and great bones to give the elder Doris vigorous life just as she is dying from too many drugs. This is strength within stupor.

—By Richard Corliss

BOOKS

WHILE I WAS GONE By Sue Miller Her three daughters grown and newly flown, her veterinary practice in full bloom and her marriage to a minister comfortably loving, Joey Becker is just beginning to feel vaguely dissatisfied with her predictable life when Eli Mayhew, a housemate from her hippie past, moves to

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SHORT TAKES



town. His presence both reawakens questions about an old, unsolved murder and kindles in Joey what she has been hungering for: a youthful "sense of a surprise, that heady sense of *not knowing*"

what life will bring. While the lengthy, earnest flashback to the '60s never quite rises above the expected, Joey's return to the '90s fares better. Here, Miller weaves her themes of secrecy, betrayal and forgiveness into a narrative that shines. —By Jill Smolowe

MUSIC

SPIRITUALS Mari-

an Anderson This beloved 1956 album, reissued for the first time on CD with nine bonus tracks, is an immortal testament to the power of absolute simplicity—and absolute conviction. Anderson needed no candy-coated angelic choirs or fussy orchestral arrangements to fill such noble songs of sorrow and hope as *Deep River* and *Crucifixion* with throbbing life. All it took was one contralto voice, deep-toned and devastatingly straightforward, accompanied in no-nonsense fashion by pianist Franz Rupp. *Spirituals* is the real right thing. —By Terry Teachout



VIDEO

RICHTER, THE ENIGMA Directed by Bruno

Monsaingeon One of the greatest pianists of the century, a performer whose interpretive acuity and huge repertoire awed other musicians, Sviatoslav Richter, the subject of this engrossing video documentary, was also a fiercely private man indifferent to commercial success. Averse to concertizing in big cities, he instead drove the expanses of Russia, showing his genius on towns and villages. Bruno Monsaingeon, who has

made several films about musicians, got the wary pianist to open up. Blending Richter's observations with marvelous archival footage spanning much of his life, Monsaingeon's doc-



SHORT TAKES

umentary so generously displays the pianist's gifts and so vividly limns his odd, isolated life that it is both exhilarating and haunting. —By Elliot Ravetz

THEATER

THE NEW BOZENA This Manhattan-based comedy troupe (currently performing in Los Angeles) enjoys spinning itself as "slacker vaudeville." But let's face it, when people are onstage wearing red balls on their noses, we're at a clown show. The clowns here have existential dilemmas, though: each is uniquely unable to fathom his or her own strangeness. So each tries to stumble through it by mumbling nonsense, head-butting a ham or licking the pate of every bald man in the audience. Physical comedy is rarely this smart, and almost never this funny.



Trained actors, the members of New Bozena succeed in making their freakish characters sympathetic. Bring an open mind and a toupee. —By Joel Stein

CINEMA

JAWBREAKER Directed by Darren Stein One of Reagan High's coolest coeds dies swallowing a candy jawbreaker. To cover up this gaffe, bitch-on-heels Courtney (Rose McGowan, below, right) tries turning a geekette who knows about the death (Judy Evans Greer) into a fox goddess. A teen twist on the old *Frankenstein-Pygmalion* plot is as familiar as last week, when it was called *She's All That*. (And a decade ago, it was the evil-teen classic *Heathers*.) Writer-director Stein flirts with black humor but, alas, never goes all the way. As for McGowan, she has the buxom wantonness and smartly cruel mouth to be a retro indie pinup, but if she doesn't choose her films more wisely, she'll end up as a perpetual gonna-be. —R.C.



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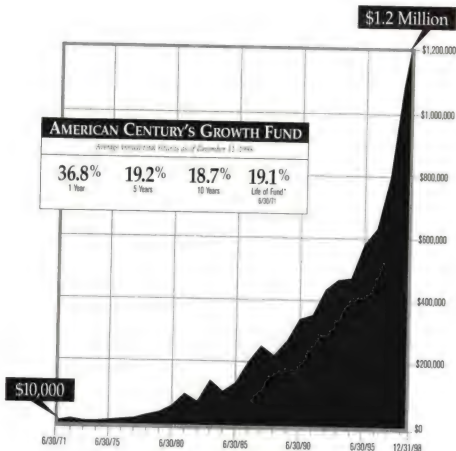
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The Dumb Money

There's a lot of it sloshing around in the market today, as shown by the mania over stock splits

HAS WARREN BUFFETT LEFT BILLIONS OF DOLLARS ON the table by never splitting the stock of his company? It sure seems that way. In the past few weeks, dozens of firms from Internet darling eBay to Xerox to Microsoft have announced splits and watched their stocks soar. Last week athletic-shoe company K-Swiss joined the fun by announcing healthy earnings and a 2-for-1 split. Its shares jumped 23%. To the same point, when Cisco Systems on Feb. 2 posted earnings that beat Wall Street estimates but failed

to declare an expected stock split, its shares dropped 2%.

Yet Buffett, the famed investor and CEO of Berkshire Hathaway, refuses to split Berkshire's shares, which traded last Friday for \$72,500 each. If stock splits add lasting value to a company, as today's fervor suggests, it's a wonder that Buffett is held in such high regard. His reputation, though, wasn't built by pandering to passing fads.

When a company splits its stock, a share worth, say, \$100 becomes two shares worth \$50 each. That doesn't change the intrinsic value. But it does make the stock more affordable for small investors, who like to buy in round lots of, say, 100 shares. That's one reason stocks that split have historically gone about 5% higher between the date of the announcement and the actual split. Lately, though, the pop has been more explosive. Day rose a quick 37%; Xerox, 10%; Microsoft, 12%. People now pay for services that alert them by pager or e-mail when a split is announced, so they can quickly buy the stock. It's an example of earnings running amuck in the market—dumb money chasing any trend that doesn't require thoughtful analysis.

Even dumb money does sometimes make money. It's possible to be wrong but lucky—especially in a bull market. But luck isn't last; fads fade. Successful investing requires research and judgment—if only to gauge that you're better off buying your stocks through mutual funds.

Where is all this dumb money? Much

Splitting Upward

Stocks that announced splits have risen two to four times as much as the S&P 500 during various periods before the splits took effect



of it is in Internet stocks, most of which command stratospheric prices despite their lack of profits and their dubious prospects. In

a seminal event for these stocks' valuations, high-flying portal company Lycos last week agreed to merge with USA

Networks, a real company (Home Shopping Network; Ticketmaster) with \$1.5 billion in annual revenue. Lycos shares plunged 31% in

two days as investors reflected on Lycos' value inside a company that must—gasp!—post rising profits to boost its share price.

When America Online said last November that it would buy Netscape in a stock swap, rabid online traders drove up Netscape's price beyond what AOL had said it would pay. There was no prospect of a bidding war. The lemmings—too busy to use a calculator—were simply piling on.

Stock-split mania is another version of this greater-fool investing. Yes, studies show that stocks of companies that split their shares outperform those that don't. But that's easy to explain. Splits naturally occur in the best stocks—the ones that go up. The split signals management confidence, but the heavy lifting is done by management execution that delivers earnings. Do that, and the stock will go up whether it splits or not. Just ask Buffett—whose shares have risen, on average, 28% a year since 1983.

See time.com/personal for more on stock splits. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. See him on CNNfn Tuesdays at 12:45 p.m. E.T.

RETURN THE PAGE Online book buyers were in an uproar last week when Amazon.com admitted it had been selling publishers prominent placement for their books in sections such as "Destined for Greatness" and "What We're Reading." Amazon denies it ever spotlighted a book without editors' approval, but it will let customers return any book it ever recommended, no matter how beaten up. Amazon will also now disclose to customers which digital displays are paid for.



CELL FORWARDING It's one of the reasons cell-phone users give out their numbers to only a select few: they have to pay for every incoming call. But last week William Kennard, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, pledged support for a more traditional system, in which the person dialing foots the entire bill. For the moment, though, wireless callers can save with bundled digital plans from Air Touch or Sprint.

PCS, which don't charge for the first incoming minute, and with Nextel, which charges by the second rather than rounding up to the next minute like most other carriers.



FOUL BALL After winning back baseball fans with last season's home-run heroics, how does Major League Baseball express its gratitude? By jacking up prices, of course. The average ticket will cost \$15.26 this year (an increase of 7%), ranging from the Minnesota Twins' \$8.22 to the Boston Red Sox's \$23. Judging by their '98 home-

The Best Bang Per Baseball Buck...

'98 average ticket price	'98 home record
San Diego Padres	54-27
San Texas	54-27
Houston Astros	51-27
Tampa Bay Devil Rays	51-27

... And the Worst Arizona Diamondbacks \$16.48 34-47
Tampa Bay Devil Rays \$16.02 33-48

Source: USA Today and TIME Research

—By Daniel
Eisenberg and
Kathleen Adams



Christine Gorman

Winter Allergies

A new report says your chronic colds and sniffles may be caused by irritants, not germs

MOST PEOPLE DON'T THINK OF WINTER AS AN ALLERGY season. But if you're allergic to dust—or more accurately the mold, pollen, mites and insect parts that linger in dust—winter can be the worst time of year. When the furnace kicks on, all the dust that has settled into your carpet, atop the bookshelves and under the couch gets stirred up and wreaks havoc with your eyes, nose, sinuses and throat.

You and your doctor may dismiss your symptoms as just another

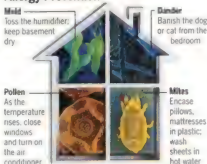
winter cold. But while a cold generally lasts as long as 10 days, continued exposure to dust, if you're allergic, can leave you feeling under the weather for weeks or months.

Help is on the way. For the first time, the American Academy of Allergy, Asthma and Immunology has gathered experts from 21 professional health associations to develop comprehensive guidelines for the diagnosis and treatment of allergies. The task force has spent 18 months looking at everything from ear infections to have therapy for allergic reactions to food and drugs. Although the final report won't be published until this summer, its overall conclusions were released last week, and you can obtain a summary by calling the academy at 414-272-6071. Among the findings:

► Frequent upper-respiratory infections—colds, strep throat, middle-ear and sinus infections—may be a sign of undiagnosed allergy. One of the ways the body responds to the tiny particles that trigger allergies is by producing mucus, which turns out to be a terrific medium for trapping and growing viruses and bacteria. Getting rid of the mucus, which means identifying and treating the allergy, makes it much less likely that you will catch those germs in the first place. As a general rule, infants who suffer more than six upper-respiratory infections a year, and school-age children and adults with more than three or four, should be evaluated for allergies.

► More than 75% of children who develop eczema—a skin condition that usually

Allergy Prevention



erupts around the mouth, on the inside of the elbow or behind the knee—also suffer an allergic reaction to food, mold or other environmental triggers. The foods that most commonly cause reactions are eggs, milk and peanuts.

Treating allergies doesn't necessarily mean taking medication. "Doctors should first identify the cause of the problem," says Dr. Joel Karlin, an allergist in Lakewood, Colo. "Are there smokers in the house? Is the carpet old and mildewy? Is the dog sleeping on your bed?" Many people find relief simply by changing their environment. If you can't bear to part with Fido, banning him from the bedroom can make a big difference. Special note to folks who are sensitive to ragweed: you may be cross-reactive to chamomile tea as well.

If all else fails, there are effective medical treatments. Allergy shots are good at desensitizing patients to grass, tree and weed pollens. Prescription-strength drugs like antihistamines and inhaled corticosteroids damp down the allergic response. (Caution: long-term use of corticosteroids may lead to changes in the bone, especially in children, and an increased risk of cataracts in adults.) So if you feel as though you've had a cold all winter long, have your doctor run a few allergy tests to see if you need something more than chicken soup. ■

For more Web resources on allergies, visit www.aaaai.org/public/ or time.com/personal. E-mail Christine at gorman@time.com.

GOOD NEWS

DIET DOES IT Doctors have known that eating lots of fruits and vegetables, low-fat dairy foods and slightly higher-than-average amounts of protein can lower blood pressure. Last week they reported that the regimen works especially well for blacks. It lowers their blood pressure an average of 13 points—about as much as medication does. Among whites, readings drop 6 points. The diet works even for patients who do not cut back on salt.



ON YOUR FEET

You needn't hang around in bed to treat sciatica, said Dutch doctors last Thursday. They found that after two weeks, leg and lower-back pain is

just as likely to disappear—or not—whether patients are confined to bed or free to move about. And after six months, patients in both groups are equally likely to need surgery.

BAD NEWS

TRUE CONFESSIONS An astounding 40% of women and 30% of men suffer some kind of sexual problem, according to a study published last week. Lack of desire or arousal, inability to achieve orgasm and painful intercourse are among the troubles reported. These difficulties generally decline for women as they get older, but for men, they increase. "This certainly helps explain why Viagra was such a phenomenon," says lead author Edward Laumann, who was a paid consultant to the pill's manufacturer. In fact, only a small percentage of sufferers ever seek professional help.

BOTHERSOME BIOPSY

Even if a breast biopsy detects no cancerous cells, you may not be out of the woods. A small number of biopsies show a microscopic abnormality in which

tiny ducts in the breast tissue fan out like the spokes of a wheel. Women with this tissue pattern face twice the normal risk of developing breast cancer.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Source: (Good News) Journal of the American Medical Association (2/19/02); (Sex Exposure) Journal of Medicine (2/19/02); (Bad News) Journal of the American Medical Association (2/19/02); (Sex Exposure) Journal of Medicine (2/19/02).

A close-up photograph of a young girl with dark hair in pigtails, wearing a bright orange shirt. She is blowing a large, translucent bubble that is partially inflated. The background is a solid, vibrant pink. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

TODAY, HER ASTHMA CAN BE AS EASY AS ... BREATHING.

For 15 million people with asthma, breathing doesn't always come easy. An asthma attack begins with a tightening of the chest and difficulty inhaling, and can leave sufferers gasping for breath with the overwhelming feeling of suffocation.

Severe attacks can require an emergency trip to the hospital. But in recent years, pharmaceutical company researchers have discovered and developed new breakthrough medicines that allow patients more effective control over their asthma—and even help prevent an attack before it happens. So, for the millions of people with asthma, an attack isn't as frightening as it used to be.

Today, asthma is more controllable, but we won't rest until it's cured. Then we'll all breathe easier.

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Forget books on tape. Audible's MobilePlayer lets you download them cheaper from the Net



Joshua Quittner

airless as the grave. So there's nothing more disturbing than being trapped with some maniac in headphones who periodically erupts in cackling laughter. But I couldn't help myself: you try keeping quiet while listening to Al Franken reading from his book *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot*. Especially the introduction, in which Franken describes ex-U.N.

Ambassador Jeanne Kirkpatrick as "my former lover."

I was sampling the 1996 book not on an audiocassette but on something more convenient and ultimately less expensive: a digital, pocket-size device made by Audible, of Wayne, N.J. The company has been quietly cornering the market for audio books and other spoken media delivered online.

Audible has a proprietary formula for compressing sound into a digital format that can move from its website over phone lines into your modem and computer. It takes only eight minutes for a 56K modem to download an hour of audio. To do this, you'll need Audible's software, which comes with a nifty 3.5-oz. rechargeable MobilePlayer (\$199) that holds two hours' worth of stuff. A newer model that holds 7½ hrs. and costs \$299 is supposed to ship next week.

Long term, Audible doesn't want to stay in the hardware business: its money will come from programming. To that end, the company has been partnering with book publishers, newspapers, magazines and broadcasters to put their nar-

I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE TO THE RIDERS LAST WEEK on the Long Island Rail Road's 6:24 to Huntington. That train is always hellishly hot, overcrowded and



rated words online at www.audible.com. There you can buy the MobilePlayer and shop for programming, including current best sellers that you can download to your PC, then listen to or transfer to the portable device. (Mac-compatible software is expected by year's end.)

Here's the part I like best: because the programming exists only as bits, with no shipping or packaging required, the pricing is sweet. The Franken book on cassette, for instance, costs \$12.57 plus shipping at Amazon.com. But Audible's version costs

only \$6.95. Better still, you can buy à la carte stuff, such as Garrison Keillor's Lake Wobegon monologues for 75¢ each. The opportunity to cherry-pick content and exchange small sums of money online will become more and more attractive, to both consumers and authors. (I would happily read my columns to you if I got, say, a dime a download.)

Starting in March, Microsoft will bundle the Audible software into Windows CE for any palm-size device that comes with a headphone jack. People who use personal digital assistants such as the Philips Nino will be able to buy and play programming without purchasing the Audible player. And last week Audible began offering free samples of its content in the popular MP3 format at www.audible3.com. Anyone—even Mac users!—can listen in after downloading a free MP3 player, like the ones at www.mp3.com. Audible plans to offer serial books in this format. Still, you might want to buy the Audible mobile device for a cool feature that allows you to play it through your car radio.

The biggest problem I've had with Audible is with its sound quality, which reminds me of the worn-out sound tracks in drug-education films in grade school. Also, I couldn't make the sound loud enough to be heard over the roar of my ghostly train, which makes me think it wouldn't work well on ghostly airplanes either. Audible's software interface, which allows you to select programs, could use simplification. On my maiden voyage, I thought I had set up three Keillor monologues, a chunk of Franken and some *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. But for reasons that are still unclear to me, though the program manager said I had downloaded 20 min. of Wobegon, all I got was the last few minutes of it. Oh, well—at least the Franken survived. ■

For more on audio books, see our website at timedigital.com. Tell Quittner what columns he should read at jquitt@well.com.

FREE PC, FOR A PRICE An announcement last week by the Pasadena, Calif., startup Free-PC that it would give away 10,000 Compaq Presarios has brought in more than 750,000 volunteers. What's the catch? Winners of the 333-MHz machines with Internet access must first agree to watch a stream of onscreen ads whenever they use the computer.

Free-PC spokesperson Steve Chadima says data such as age, marital status and income, provided by applicants on the company's website (free-pc.com), will determine, in part, who gets the new computers. Ads will be targeted based on interests and past purchases.

HIGH-TECH GIRL TALK Girls love secrets, but until now they've had to stash diaries and other prized possessions under mattresses or in trunks to keep snoopy little sisters from prying. Newcomer Girl Tech is offering some electronic alternatives. Its Password Journal locks with the sound of the owner's voice. And the Door Pass sticks onto a bedroom door and requests a verbal password each time it detects motion outside. If the voice doesn't match the one stored in memory, it blinks to indicate that an intruder may have entered the room while its owner was out. Each product costs \$20.

—By Anita Hamilton





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HATE REPORTERS, BUT LOVE THE ROLE



MADONNA

Last week, just as **MADONNA** signed on to play an intrusive tabloid reporter in an upcoming film, **ROBIN WRIGHT PENN** was starring in *Message in a Bottle*, a film in which she too plays an intrusive journalist. Have the wives of Sean Penn forgotten how much they hate the press? A summary to date:

Madonna

Plays a reporter who: hunts down a reclusive author, then falls in love with him

Stood by Sean Penn when he: kicked in the car door of a reporter

Has said of the press: "The worst part about being famous is the lack of privacy"

Robin Wright Penn

Plays a reporter who: hunts down a reclusive boatmaker, then falls in love with him

Stood by Sean Penn when he: threw rocks at a reporter

Has said of the press: "I kind of want to get a big fat neon sign saying GET A LIFE"



ROBIN WRIGHT PENN

The Medici of The Airwaves

An author who wins the National Book Award can claim literary prestige, but an author who wins the Imus American Book Award can claim a big pot of cash, along with an influential endorsement. **DON IMUS**, radio's most popular curmudgeon, created the awards to counter the "elitist" selections of those other book honors. Of the four winners announced last week, two were selected by Imus and two by listeners, who voted for their favorites online. Imus' top pick was *Freedomland* by novelist Richard Price, who will take home \$100,000. The other three winners (*Pillar of Fire* by Taylor Branch, *King of the World* by David Remnick and *My Year of Meats* by Ruth L. Ozeki) were each awarded \$50,000, a pile of loot five times as great as that pocketed by the winner of that other prize, *Elitism* costs.



ALTO IN THE OUTFIELD

He's a little pudgy, past his athletic prime and wears cowboy boots year round. But, hey, he has a proven track record for putting fans in the seats, and that's something the San Diego Padres could use after losing the World Series and some pivotal players. So when country singer **GARTH BROOKS** announced that he'll suit up for Padres spring training as a nonroster player, it sort of made sense. Brooks' goals are suitably low. He says he doesn't want "to embarrass Major League Baseball or the Padres." Actually, embarrassment would be a step up for the Padres. They are, after all, the team that asked Roseanne to sing the national anthem.

FEUD OF THE WEEK

NAME: PETER ("I'M NOT A SIMPSON") BART

OCCUPATION: Editor, *Variety*

BEST PUNCH: In his new book, *The Gross, the Hits, the Flops*, claims Beatty lifted the idea for the film *Bulworth* from works by Somerset Maugham and Jules Verne



NAME: WARREN ("I'M NOT NED") BEATTY

OCCUPATION: Actor, former womanizer

BEST PUNCH: Calls Bart "nasty" and says his reporting can be "wildly inaccurate ... but because he's the editor of *Variety*, no one ever calls him to task for his sloppy research"



WINNERS Maugham and Verne. When was the last time they got any publicity?

Garrison Keillor

The Republicans Were Right, But—

LET US TALK ABOUT CIVILITY FOR A MOMENT. OR rather, let me talk about it, and you shut up. I am better qualified, since I am a Democrat who was fully in agreement with the Republican position on impeachment as I understood it.

The Republicans believed that dehorning the President would serve as a caution to Democratic Presidents in the future, and about that they are right. And also that it would underline the sanctity of oaths.

For example, two months from now, I'll sit in my tax guy's office and sign a government form under a line that says, "Under penalty of perjury, I hereby attest that every statement herein, every jot and tittle and numerical figure and punctuation mark, is absolutely and utterly true and complete, otherwise God help me," and even though I have no idea what statements are herein and the form may as well be written in Hittite, I will sign my name and so attest. My tax guy has other customers waiting. I look down at the word perjury, pen hovering, and imagine myself being led from the U.S. courthouse in St. Paul, Minn., a hat over my face, for the long bus ride to Leavenworth, and then I sign my name.

The word perjury should mean something so that it focuses a man's mind. (The money you skimmed off your daughter's Girl Scout cookie revenues, the 20s you palmed from the collection plate—Did you remember to declare them as income?) And of course your mind is going to focus better if now and then someone is shot by a firing squad for making false statements on a tax return.

Same with speeding. It helps rein us in if, on our way to work, we see flashing lights where other cars have been pulled over and the drivers have been hauled out and thrown to the ground and flogged and their right foot, the accelerator foot, has been cut off by a policeman with an ax. This is the Republican position on impeachment as I understand it. And I agree that watching miscreant drivers hopping around with blood dripping from their stumps would make me slow down, no doubt about it. It certainly seems to work in Singapore.

On the other hand, if I ever had the chance to vote the guy with the ax out of office, I would do so. There is a level of morality that is too high to be maintained in a democracy. The America that the Thirteen Angry House Managers envision is a rather bleak place where most of us would be in prison or within view of it.

After the Senate's vote, you heard calls from the usual quarters to put bitter partisanship behind and enter an era of civility, which is a pleasant thought, but unlikely. Why should we imagine that the Easter bunny will come this year, after we've been disappointed so often in the past?

The best we can do is systematize the cruelty. The Republicans' offense has run out of downs, and now they should turn over the ball and let the Democrats run with it.

Let's give a Democratic prosecutor \$50 million to see what he can come up with about Orrin Hatch. Senator Hatch is a fine Christian gentleman, but \$50 million is a lot of money. You could find out a great deal about someone for that. Get copies of videotapes from security cameras in every store he ever shopped in, and if he ever scratched himself in public, we could watch it. Maybe he was undercharged for a pack of hair curlers once and neglected to tell the clerk about it. Interview everyone who has a grudge against him—old secretaries who had to correct his grammar on the letters they typed, the neighbor who had to deal with the leaves from the Hatch maple tree. Search his home. Maybe he has a secret fondness for donning embroidered platform shoes and elephant bells and lip synching to Barry Manilow. Why shouldn't the nation know about this?

And then let the Republicans do Jimmy Carter. See if he really is hammering those nails in the Habitat for Humanity houses or if it's only a photo op. Maybe when he teaches his adult Bible class in Plains, Ga., he steals ideas from Baptist magazines and uses them without proper attribution.

The sacrificial victim should be someone of unquestioned high reputation—no going after easy prey like Henry Hyde or Dan Burton. The time limit should be one year. Bring the charges to the House of Representatives, shame the guy, laugh him to scorn, let the newsboys chew on him, let him crawl and cringe and beg forgiveness and then hand the keys to the prosecutor's office over to the other side.

This is as close to civility as we can come right now, to take turns whacking one another. If the American people want civility, they can elect a Congress that believes in it.





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